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SEPTEMBER 13, 1958

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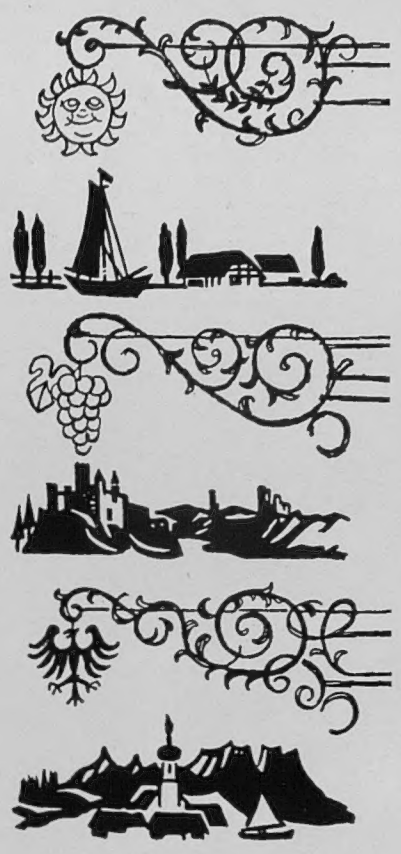

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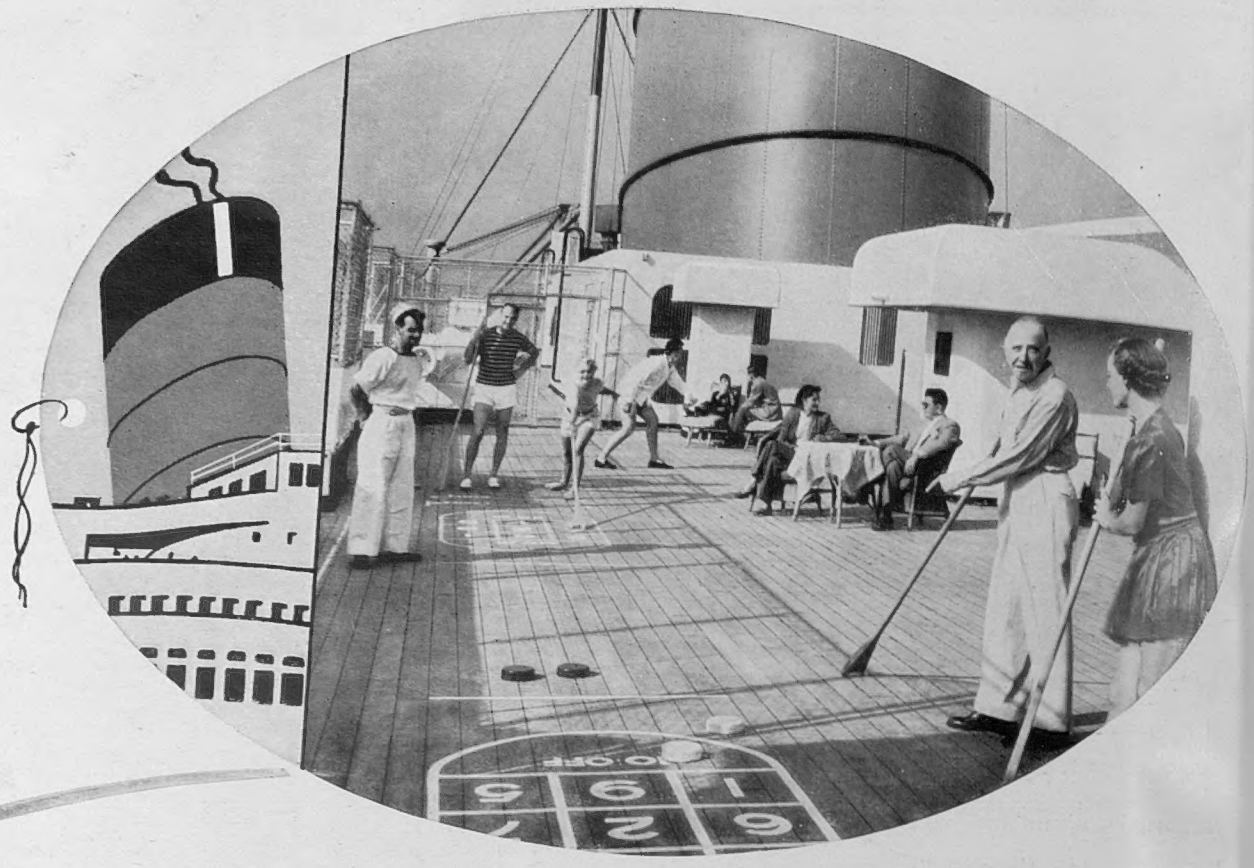

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Volume CCXXXIV No. 3050

The SPHERE, London, September 13, 1958

The SPHERE

with which is incorporated THE GRAPHIC

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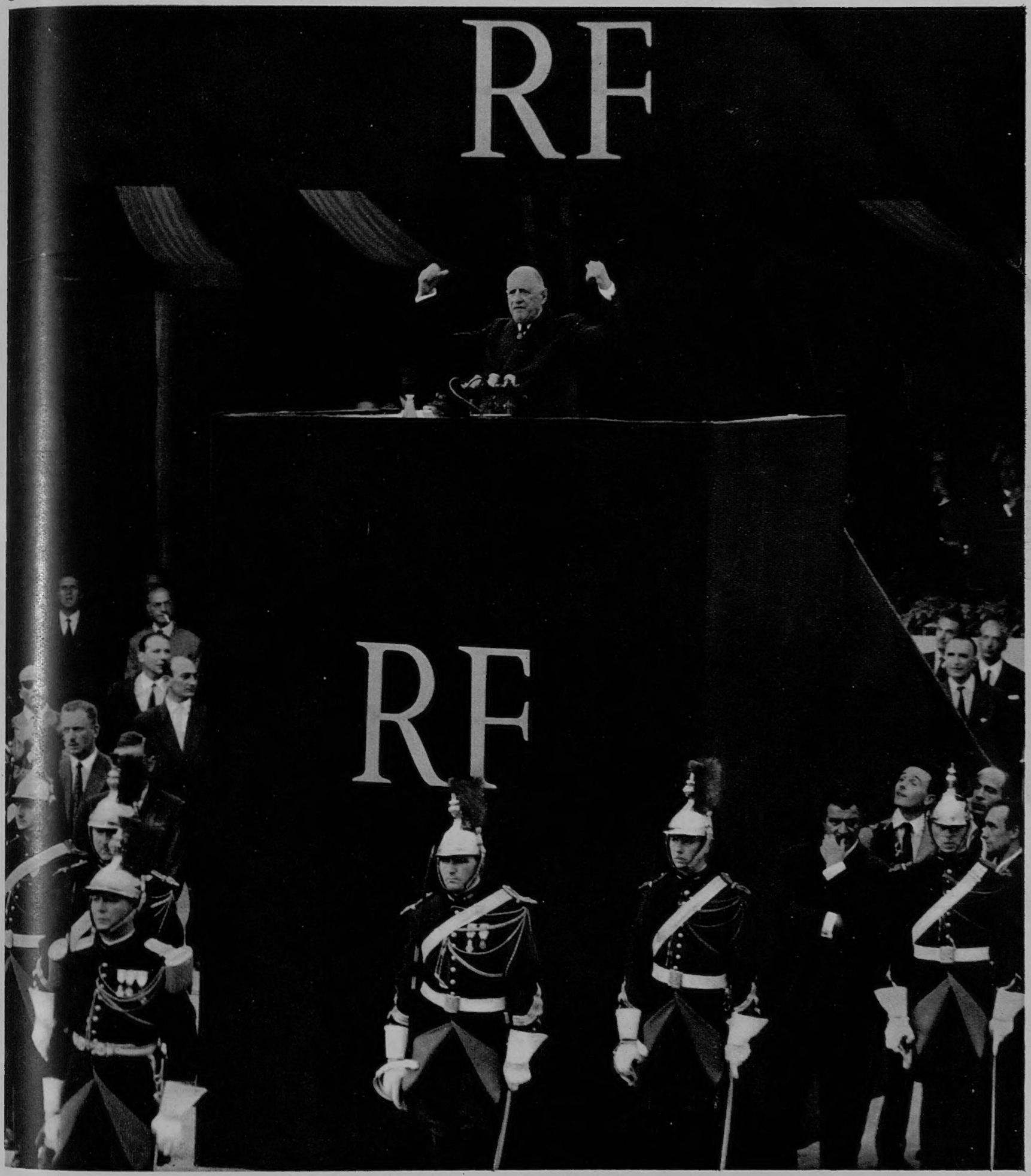

THE OPENING OF THE REFERENDUM CAMPAIGN IN FRANCE—GENERAL DE GAULLE PRESENTS HIS CONSTITUTION : The French Prime Minister addresses a huge crowd in the Place de la République in Paris. General de Gaulle's speech marked the opening last week of the campaign to decide the constitution of the Fifth Republic. During the meeting, Communists and other left-wing demonstrators clashed with police in the square. Voting on the constitution will take place on September 28.

During what promised to be a lively political campaign both sides had early successes. The consensus of opinion in France is that General de Gaulle will secure a majority despite determined opposition from the left wing and from the Communists. Many local branches of the Socialist and Radical Parties have come out in favour. General de Gaulle gained what may prove a significant victory when M. Gaston Defferre, the Mayor of Marseilles and a leading left-wing Socialist, decided to vote for the new constitution. He is a former Minister of Overseas Territories and voted in June against de Gaulle's coming to power. The non-Communist opposition opened with an authoritative and persuasive speech by the leading Radical, M. Mendès-France. He denounced the argument that the de Gaulle constitution must be accepted because otherwise France will lose her saviour and face the risk of civil war. This, he said, was "blackmail." Under the new constitution, the President is empowered to dissolve Parliament not more than once a year and, with certain provisos, can assume emergency powers if the institutions of the Republic are gravely and immediately threatened.

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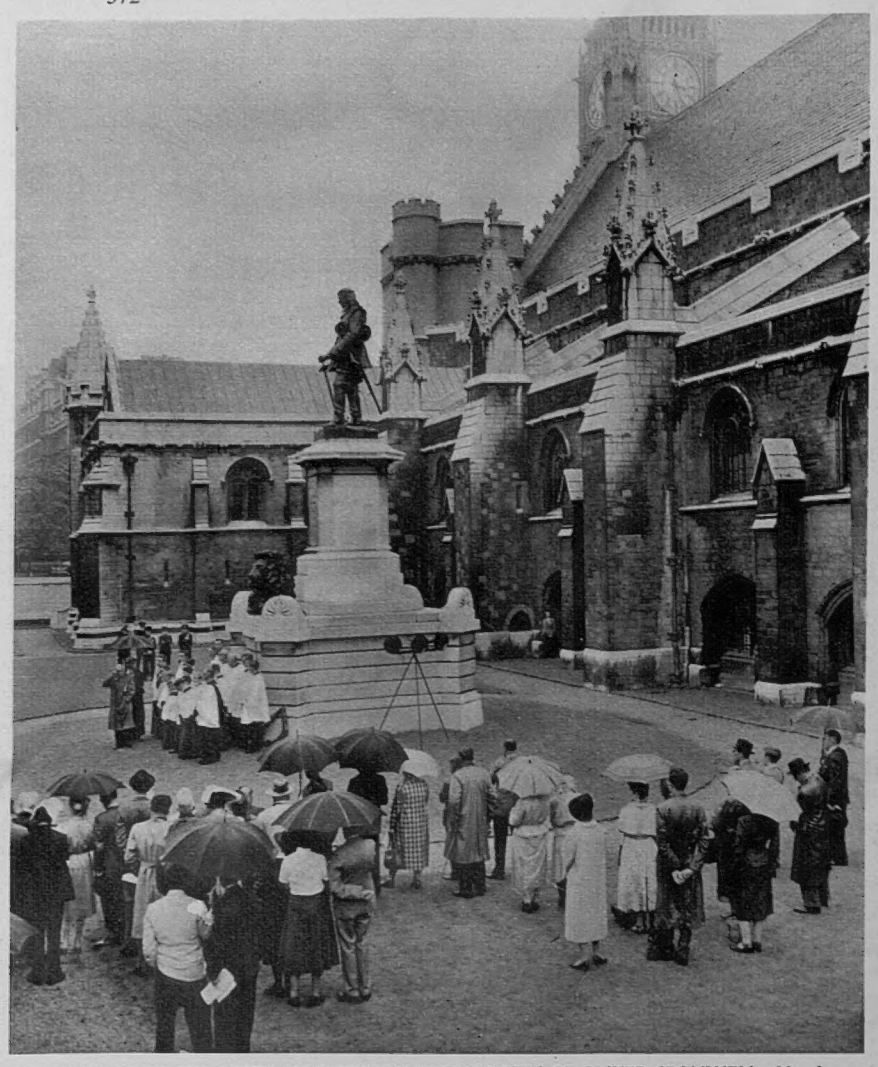


COMMEMORATING THE 300TH ANNIVERSARY OF THE DEATH OF OLIVER CROMWELL: Mr. Isaac Foot, President of the Cromwell Association, is seen giving the address during the service at the Cromwell Statue outside the Houses of Parliament. After the ceremony Mr. Foot opened an exhibition of Cromwell Portraiture at the National Portrait Gallery.

DUMBO THE ELEPHANT IS OFF TO RUSSIA: A crate containing the animal is swung aboard the Russian ship *Pulkova* at the Surrey Commercial Docks. Dumbo is one of two elephants which are being sent from British zoos to Russia in exchange for two pairs of snow leopards. She comes from the London Zoo and her companion, Malini, from Whipsnade.

A London Newsletter

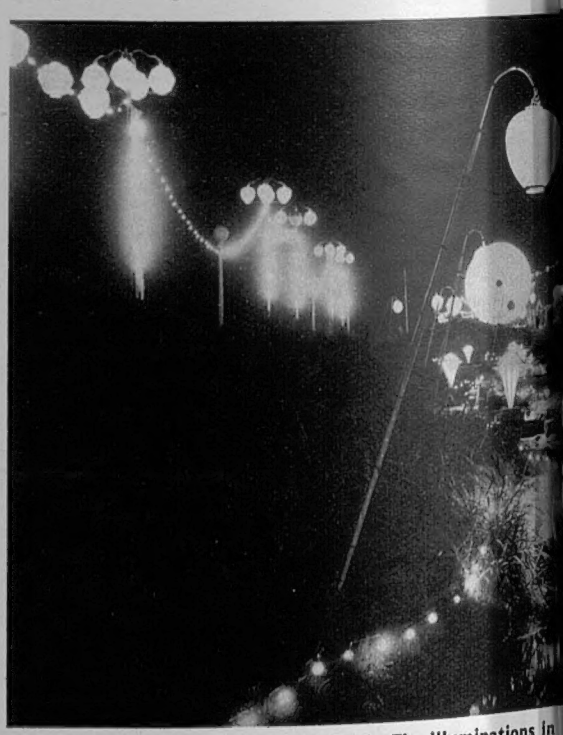
195-198, STRAND, W.C.2.

Amurath to Amurath in South Africa ?—Many of those most opposed to Apartheid hoped that the successor chosen to replace Mr. Striydom might prove less rigid on that policy. But the Nationalist Party chose Dr. Verwoerd, the begetter of the policy and its most enthusiastic and determined backer as Minister of Native Affairs. It does not always follow that a man called to highest office is as strenuous for the policies he has advocated in opposition or in a subordinate position. We know that truth from experience of Labour Premiers. On the other hand, it is usually true that the removal of a strong man by death in any form is followed by a successor capable of becoming not less strong. For no man is indispensable, least of all in politics. Those who expect Dr. Verwoerd's little finger to prove thicker than Striydom's thigh have for comfort this only: that the policy they fear and hate will be brought forward all the quicker and the nettles rise to be grasped without delay. These may include not only the realisation of the full implications of Apartheid, but secession from the Commonwealth as a republic. The treason trials, at the moment bogged down by legalistic arguments, may be hurried on to completion. On the other hand, none of these possibilities may for some time ahead draw nearer to becoming *faits accomplis*. A new Prime Minister, however extremist, usually needs time to feel his way among his colleagues and *vis-à-vis* the nation, and none will dispute that supreme power has a sobering effect, *pro tem.*, on the boldest spirit. Even a dictator must create an atmosphere favourable to dictatorship.

Making Our Flesh Creep.—Blood-curdling threats are such a usual feature of Communist technique in Cold War, that perhaps the civilised world has become less prone to regard them seriously. Time was when the expressed intention of the Chinese Communist Government made recently to invade the Nationalist-held islands of the Matsu group, would have put up the red light with a vengeance and compelled our Premier to postpone his long-promised and needed holiday and hurry to battle-station. But perhaps even the Americans, while reinforcing their strong naval forces in the area, may decide that, even if Quemoy be invaded and held by the Communists, that *fait accompli* would not be worth the bones of a single expendable U.S. rating. These offshore islands have their value to the Nationalists in the sphere of prestige, in the means of advance intelligence, and tactically in lesser degree as an outpost to be driven in before an attack on Formosa. But their loss does not bring the Communists appreciably nearer Formosa. Quemoy itself is less than half the size of the Isle of Wight. The whole Matsu group would be lost in a corner of it. And merely a salt-water ditch separates them from the mainland. Nevertheless, there was a general feeling last week-end that the volcano was certainly active and that a global explosion might well be caused by some unforeseeable incident, perhaps not intended by either side, and, meanwhile, Chiang claims a major naval victory every other day. As usual, the dangerous match chose its now customary, historic season to strike; but the days pass and the match-head seems as damp as ever. Playing with fire may seem perhaps a more innocent children's game than once it was. But it is still very, very dangerous.

T.U.C. Membership.—T.U.C. membership has doubled since 1926, and to-day there are more than 8,000,000 members. By 1968 it is confidently expected that membership may approach 10,000,000 after 100 years of life. That sounds satisfactory to the General Council. But, put the other way, it reveals, to me at least, a surprising fact. I had no idea that now (and even ten years hence) there would still be more "workers" outside the T.U.C. (non-unionists) than inside. To-day there are upward of 22,000,000 "workers" (Ministry of Labour definition) if we include the small percentage of unemployed. The T.U.C. leaders have hitherto never sought compulsion, though local compulsion is not unknown by various methods. And *ad hoc*, special and local recruitment campaigns have not produced marked results. The mining industry probably has the highest Trade Union representation, with the railway, shipbuilding and printing industries next to it. Agriculture, perhaps naturally, comes low, with domestic service; but textiles, clothing and many manufacturing industries, as well as catering, may be as low as 20 per cent. All these statistical facts mildly surprise me, for sometimes the power of the Unions suggests an estate of the realm as solid and powerful as any. These figures, however, make it clear that many an important Trade Union decision may be, individually and nationally, a minority decision forced on a reluctant majority through lack of organisation and a canalised voice. In his applauded references at Bournemouth to the damage done to the movement by unauthorised strikes, Mr. Yates made it clear enough how strong is the opposition in the Trade Unions to any form of strike which has political coercion as its aim.

Immigration from Commonwealth.—Mr. Pannell is not unreasonable in collecting supporters to raise again, when the House reassembles, the question of control of immigrants from the Commonwealth; and his arguments are restrained and sensible enough. He recognises that the Home Secretary and the Colonial Office are reluctant to put a check on entry into Britain from the Commonwealth countries. At the same time, he stresses the present inequality and illogicality in the reciprocal conditions. All Commonwealth countries outside Britain impose control of immigrants and exercise the right of deportation of undesirables. Most of us see something wrong in the continual influx of indigent immigrants, thousands of whom must, and do, immediately seek National Assistance. They create a slum problem, and swell the number of unemployed, which, if still small, may well grow larger this winter and, through competition, might create or acerbate a racial jealousy,

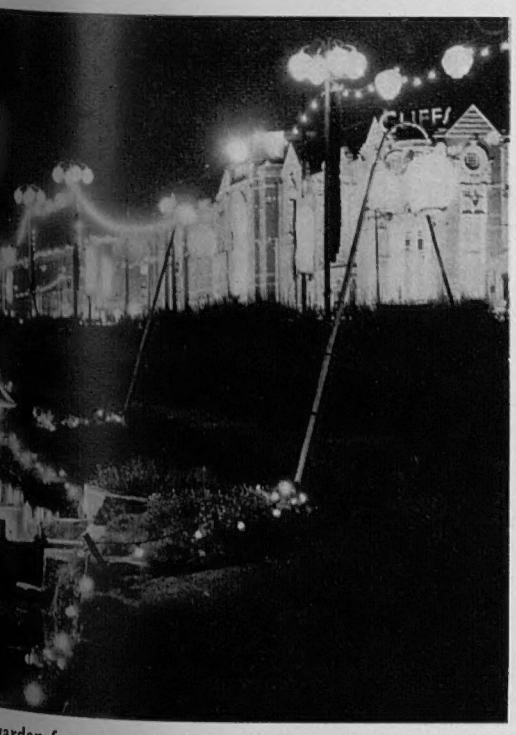


AN ANNUAL ATTRACTION AT BLACKPOOL: The illuminations in seaside town. In addition to rows of coloured lights Along the front the dominating feature is the famous

THE NEWMARKET SEPTEMBER SALES: Prospective buyers watch a parade of yearlings before they are led into the ring. On the first day of Tattersall's annual yearling sales, transferred this year from Doncaster to Newmarket, the aggregate for 147 lots sold was 235,200 guineas—an average of 1,600 guineas. The sales, which were spread over four days at Doncaster, were completed in two days at Newmarket. The total for the final day was 255,080 guineas realised from 160 lots—an average of 1,594 guineas. The average for the sale was 139 guineas higher than the corresponding sale at Doncaster last year. The highest price was 14,000 guineas, given for a colt by Never Say Die.

present little known in this country. The South African ress has already read from the Nottingham riots a lesson British critics of South African racial policy. Whether e Nottingham " riot " had more significance as a sign a growing colour and race rivalry or as proof that the reets of our big cities are no longer safe for law-abiding tizens, or had little significance on either head, I am ad to know that the Home Secretary has not brushed ide earlier expressions of anxiety about uncontrolled and owing immigration of the unsuitable and the indigent, d that by November he may be able to digest new idence and foreshadow a change in policy, at least regards reciprocity in dealing with undesirables. ottingham and Notting Hill may be pointers.

What the Bus Hid.—Litter-boxes on buses, it ems, are not so useful as slits in the upholstery. A bus ich recently returned to London from a 100 guineas ur to Moscow, via the Iron Curtain capitals, revealed a slit in the upholstery a hand-printed leaflet, so bitterly tical of Mr. Khrushchev as to confirm the belief of perts that an active opposition to his regime is working ide Russia. Certainly the leaflet is vigorous and critical. But the grounds of criticism are, for the most part, those grievances which in Britain induce unauthorised strikes, which, if damaging to the trade of this country and to the welfare of the industry concerned, are far from suggesting the early probability of an armed rising or *coup d'état*. One swallow does not make a summer, and one disgruntled " worker " does not indicate a mass-movement. It would be very odd if, even in disciplined and censored Russia, an occasional sea-lawyer did not try his hand at a subversive pamphlet, in the prime desire to marshal and express his own particular grievances. In Britain, we should regard it as significant if in one " local " in every twenty, no voice was raised on a single evening openly and frankly condemning the blindness and wickedness of the Government in power. We must not build on this discovered document the expectation that Mr. K. is booked for Siberia or any colder (or hotter) " cooler " for braggart dictators.



arden form part of the great display in the Lancashire lluminated buildings there are groups of set pieces. . The illuminations continue until October 20.

Control of Science ?—Long since, Kipling has been banned by all who have deplored our " imperialism " and its methods and results. Now he is to be banned from the young on the score of his imagination and humour. He could do great damage to a child's outlook in the scientific age, e.g., *The Just-so Stories*. These tales are a deplorable example of the " gooseberry bush " approach. Strip cartoons are much more valuable as juvenile literature. The Rev. Marcus Morris says so, and the editor of *Eagle* ought to know. Well, I never accused the scientists *en bloc* of possessing a sense of humour, and their imagination not seldom takes an ugly twist. Their chosen scientific jargon seems to rule out both these gentle qualities. Yet, though a sense of humour and a love of fairy tales and a rioting imagination may be awkward possessions in our modern world, I am not sorry to have enjoyed in childhood such books—now on Science's *Index Expurgatorius*—as *The Tapestry Room*, *Alice in Wonderland* and *Puck of Pook's Hill*; and perhaps the irreverent eagle will not succeed in getting his claws into " all my little ones at one fell swoop." For it still seems to me that the triumphs of science and technology will continue to need a little relief snatched from the realms of fairyland, and I dare say, when the next generation emerges 100 per cent. technologically educated, rare copies of the old children's favourites may fetch big prices under the counter. Space-suits and test tubes are not the whole needs of a full life.

Busman's Holiday.—No one can deny that Mr. Macmillan is a worker, a good mixer and an asset to his party. Those who like to make capital out of " class distinctions " have no doubt whispered abroad his brief appearances on ducal grouse-moors; albeit a man, with a day or two to spare from work, should not be criticised if he pay a visit to his wife's nearest relations. For, after all, we are not to be blamed for our family relations. If it were so, few of us would be free of continuous criticism. But Mr. Macmillan's busman's holiday this month knocks the bottom out of such criticism. It is said that it was his own idea to " meet the people," even in the least politically friendly areas of the Midlands where no Tory Premier ever ventured, save on immediate, *ad hoc* election business, under suitable arrangements. Mr. Macmillan intends to meet the people in workers' canteens, perhaps to drop in to a " local " here and there and have a friendly argument over a pint-pot. From the point of view of his party—and many will think for the good of the nation as a whole—Mr. Macmillan's tour will be beneficial, as a long-term reconnaissance in the next election campaign.

. . . And a Thunderstorm.—" Two fine days and a thunderstorm." Let us hope that the witty Frenchman is not right again, and that, so late in the season, we have not already done with our " English summer." St. Luke and St. Martin, hear our prayer ! But there was no doubt about our two fine days in the last week of August, and the transformation they swiftly produced. The sunshine radiated cheerfulness. The harvesters hummed, buzzed and rattled as they neatly shaved the fields, and butterflies multiplied on the golden rod. The late campers dried their blankets, the bogs dried up and the Boy Scouts and club boys on the shore and river banks enjoyed a quicker and pleasanter way of getting wet and dry again. *Breve gaudium !* On the third day the thunder roared, lightning flashed, the clouds descended and indoor work needed artificial light. It became clear that August 1958 would not rest content with a mere 5 ins. of rain. We have enjoyed in our favoured and normally dry Southern county nearly 15 ins. of the stuff since May Day. Perhaps September will make amends. It has begun very well.

Any Advance on 13 ?—Mountains in Britain, like human athletes, have taken to the fashion of breaking all-time records. Lord Macaulay's Malvern Heights long held the record for " counties-visibility," but now have been relegated to comparative obscurity by the Prescelly Mountains, in Wales, and by the heights on the Isle of May, in the Firth of Forth, whence, under ideal conditions, thirteen fair counties can be " glimpsed." I shall be disappointed if, in the Silly Season, a higher claim is not made and even substantiated. Clearly one must look for records in a centre of small counties. I wonder what the towers of Rockingham Castle might find, or Wenlock Edge. Hindhead, I suppose, is not in the running with the Sussex seaboard to the south, and the Cairngorms are unfavourably placed.

THE OLD STAGER

AFTER THE BIG STORM

Pictures Showing the Severity of the Three-Hour Storm on the Evening of Friday of Last Week

After a hot, humid day with temperatures generally in the eighties it was to be expected that there would be a fall of rain to clear the air. But what was not expected was a violent disruption of the atmosphere so severe that it was described as "the worst electrical storm of the century and probably one of the most spectacular." Spectacular it may have been—nearly 3,000 lightning flashes were estimated to have lit up the London sky between 7.30 and 9.30—but to the vast multitude of office workers homeward-bound for the week-end it was a spectacular nightmare. Rail services were cut and hundreds of people were stranded on Charing Cross and Victoria Stations until well after midnight, trains having been held up or cancelled because of lines blocked by landslides, floodwater and fallen trees.

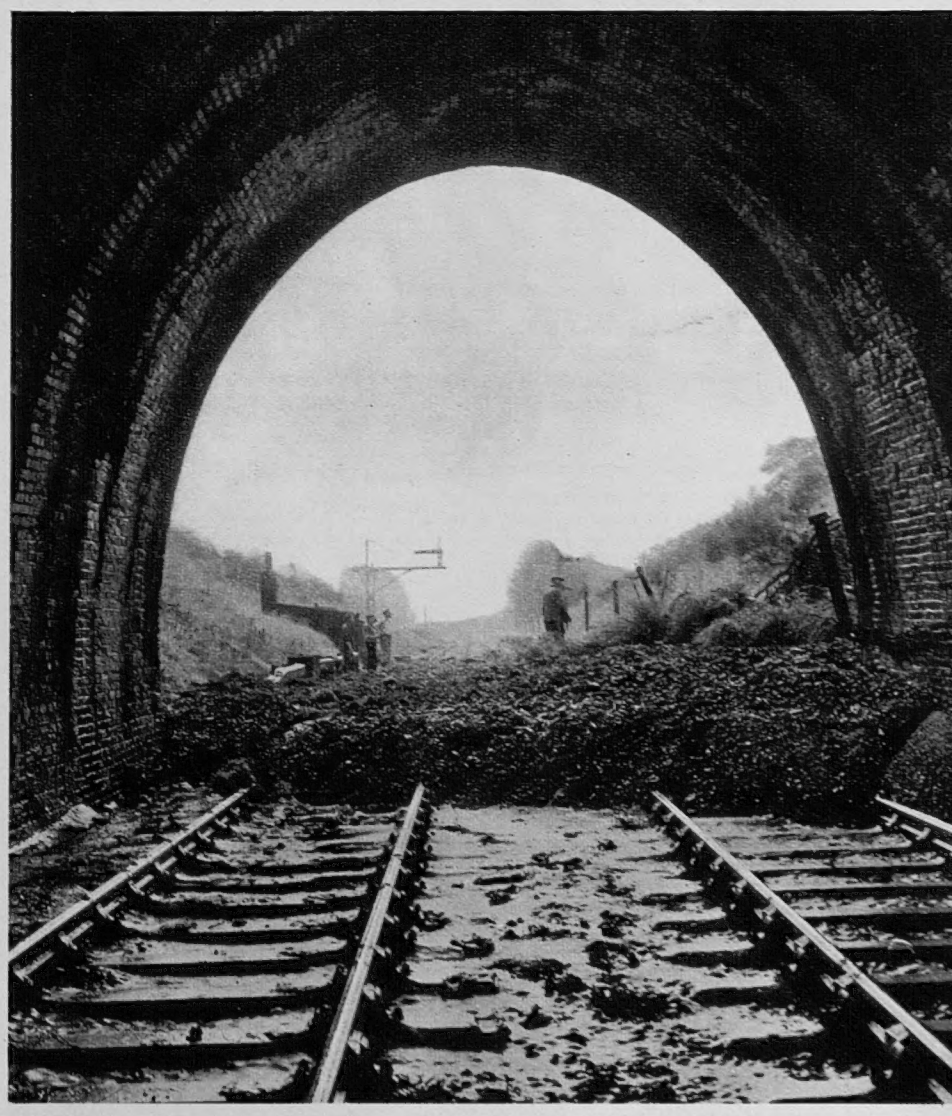
At the new Gatwick Airport part of the roof of an office building was blown off and a Dakota aircraft was damaged by flying wreckage. Emergency lighting was switched on when the main electricity supply failed. Some of the lightning over London lasted for up to 5 seconds. At times, the whole sky-line was a flickering mass of electricity. The horizon appeared as a ruddy glow with flashes shooting out across the sky and breaking into branches.

On left—

REDUCED TO RUBBLE: Mr. C. Carter inspects the wreckage of what, a few hours prior to the storm, had been his provision and general store near Chelmsford, Essex.

A ROAD BECOMES A CAUSEWAY: A stream of traffic passes along a main road at Chelmsford which curves like a causeway over a wide expanse of floodwater. This was one of the few roads in the area along which traffic was able to travel without being hampered by landslides and fallen trees. Other main roads leading out of Chelmsford were flooded and police had to turn back most outgoing traffic. In the town itself, nearly all the streets were flooded up to a depth of 6 ins. and some houses were flooded up to a foot.

ESSEX FLOODS FROM THE AIR: The camera looks down to capture the vast expanse of the floodwaters around the Chelmsford area of Essex. Only trees and a few buildings have survived being completely submerged. Partial blockages of the British Railways Eastern Region line at Brentwood, which was flooded, and Chelmsford, where there was a landslide, eventually became total blockages. Many travellers were stranded in trains and on stations between Liverpool Street and Chelmsford until the early hours of the Saturday.



OS ON THE RAILWAY: *Left*—An empty space is seen between the sleepers of the railway line outside St. Mary Cray station, Kent, where part of the embankment was washed away. *Right*—The view, taken from inside a tunnel at Sevenoaks, shows the piles of earth washed on to the track after a landslide during the rain. At night, the tunnel was flooded to a depth of 6 ft. British Railways Southern Region described the storm as being among the worst ever known. All their schedules were thrown into chaos.

AT THE BRAEMAR GATHERING ON DEESIDE: The Queen and members of the Royal Family watch the events from the Royal Pavilion in the Princess Royal and Duke of Fife Memorial Park. Both the Duke of Edinburgh and the Prince of Wales wear the kilt. On the right of the picture the Queen Mother is talking with the Marquess of Aberdeen and Temair, Lord-Lieutenant of Aberdeenshire. The members of the Royal Family had motored to the park from Balmoral and on arrival were greeted with cheers from the vast crowd, which numbered more than 20,000. After watching some of the competitions the Queen presented trophies to the winners of piping and dancing events. Mr. Roderick Braithwaite, the Mayor of Hamilton, New Zealand, and Mrs. Braithwaite, who were attending the Braemar Gathering, were among those presented to the Queen.

ROYAL HOLIDAY

The Queen and Members of the Royal Family in Scotland

IN THE ROYAL PAVILION: The Queen and Princess Margaret turn and smile at the Duke of Edinburgh during the Games.

On right—

WITH THE BOYS' BRIGADE: In the garden of Balmoral Castle the Queen shakes hands with a boy to whom she had presented an award during a B.B. parade at the Castle. The parade was attended by 1,200 members of the Boys' Brigade Council who were holding their annual meeting in Aberdeen. Her Majesty and the Duke of Edinburgh inspected the parade and then took the salute at the march-past. During the distribution of awards the Queen presented the B.B. Queen's badge to twenty-six members of the Aberdeen Battalion.

PRESENTING PRIZES AT THE GATHERING: The Queen, with the Duke of Edinburgh at her side, presents the trophy for a tug-o'-war event. It is being received by Sergeant-Major A. Mackay on behalf of the 4/7th Gordons. The Queen also presented other prizes.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MR. DULLES AT A PRESS CONFERENCE ON THE FAR EAST SITUATION: The U.S. Secretary of State reads a statement following his meeting with President Eisenhower. Extreme left is Mr. J. Hagerty, the White House press secretary. Mr. Dulles quoted a joint resolution of Congress saying "the secure possession by the friendly Governments of the western Pacific island chain, of which Formosa is a part, is essential to the vital interests of the United States and friendly nations . . . bordering on the Pacific."

CHINESE NATIONALIST MILITARY LEADERS IN TAIPEI: General Wang Shu-Ming, Chief of the Chinese Nationalist General Staff, uses a pointer on a desk map during a conference in Formosa about the situation on the Quemoy and Matsu groups of islands. Last week-end the United States made a prompt response to the Communist Chinese suggestion that a peaceful solution of the crisis over Formosa should be sought in talks between Ambassadors of the two countries. The White House issued a statement which said that the U.S. Ambassador in Warsaw was ready to meet the Chinese Communist Ambassador there, who previously acted in the matter. There were hopes at the beginning of this week that this meant a breathing space after the tensions of the previous week.

A LULL IN THE BARRAGE ON QUEMOY ISLAND: Nationalist troops chat with girls of the Free China Troup of Army Entertainers, who were touring installations on Quemoy, Formosa and other Nationalist bases. American destroyers escorted supply vessels to the island last week-end.

PREPARING THE DEFENCES: Soldiers on the offshore island of Quemoy construct a gun emplacement. According to the statement by Mr. Dulles, the civilian and military population of the Quemoys totals some 125,000. Peking radio said that determination to "liberate" Formosa was unshaken.

FISHING OFF ICELAND: Two British trawlers steam over the fishing grounds off the Icelandic coast. Claims that British trawlers withdrew from the 12-mile limit last week-end were untrue according to a spokesman on the destroyer *Lagos*. Fishing was continuing within the limit.

A DEMONSTRATION IN REYKJAVIK: A crowd of Icelanders, estimated at 15,000, gathers in the public square to protest against the presence of British warships in the Icelandic fishing grounds. For two successive days last week, a crowd of young people stoned the British Ambassador's residence in Reykjavik, breaking windows. Feeling ran high in Iceland over the "seizing" of Icelandic sailors by the R.N. frigate *Eastbourne*. Mr. A. Gilchrist, the British Ambassador in Reykjavik, protested about interference with the trawler *Northern Foam* and suggested means of returning the captured Icelanders. These were refused.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

AN ENTHUSIASTIC RECEPTION FOR MR. NORMAN MANLEY: *Left*—**The Chief Minister of Jamaica, standing with hands in his pockets, talks to white and coloured people in St. Mark's Road, Notting Hill, the area of the recent outbreak of racial riots.** *Right*—**Some of the crowd of 1,000 people, the majority West Indians, gather in Euston Road after attending a meeting addressed by Mr. Manley. He was supported by Dr. Carl Lacorbinière, Deputy Prime Minister of the West Indies Federation, and Dr. David Pitt, the West Indian prospective Labour candidate for Hampstead. The meeting, enthusiastically noisy, was unmarred by disorder except for occasional barracking.** Throughout his address, Mr. Manley was constantly cheered. He said that he and Dr. Lacorbinière were in England for one purpose—to let the West Indians know they had a Government who cared for them. "We are here first and foremost to give you courage and strength," he said. "We are here to give you advice, and we are here to challenge decent British public opinion." Shortly after the meeting, Dr. Hugh Cummins, Premier of Barbados, arrived in London by air to give assistance in attempts to find a solution to the racial disturbances.

BRITAIN'S "BLACK KNIGHT" ROCKET FIRED AT WOOMERA: The successful test flight of the 35-ft. ballistic rocket was made from the rocket range in Australia last Sunday (September 7). Dr. G. W. H. Gardner, Director of the Royal Aircraft Establishment, said that the "Black Knight" rose to between 150 and 1,000 miles. After rising vertically under its own power from the launcher, the vehicle is controlled to continue climbing vertically for several thousand feet, after which it is directed, while still under power, into a climb path towards the target area. From the point of engine cut-off, the missile coasts upwards in "free fall" to an apogee of several hundred miles and then descends until it reaches the fringes of the atmosphere above the down-range target area. The nose cone, recovered at a point near to where it was estimated to land, may solve the problem of re-entry into the earth's atmosphere.

SIR ANTHONY EDEN'S NIECE MARRIED: Crowds are assembled outside the church of Sant'Antonio at Casamicciola, on the Italian island of Ischia, as the former Miss Amelia Eden, the daughter of Sir Timothy and Lady Eden, and Signor Giovanni Borelli drive away after their wedding. Special permission for the marriage to take place in church was given by Mgr. Cece, the Bishop of Ischia, the bride being a Protestant and the bridegroom a Roman Catholic. The bride, dressed in a white cotton and silk gown with a long train, was given away by her brother, Major John Eden, Conservative M.P. for Bournemouth West. Her mother wore a dark blue silk dress and off-white hat. After their honeymoon, the couple will live in a small cottage on the island.

A GIANT PANDA ESCAPES AT LONDON ZOO: As visitors scatter, Chi-Chi makes off pursued by her owner Mr. Heini Demmer (left), the Austrian animal trapper. The giant panda had leapt over the 3-ft. railing round her grass enclosure. It was her first morning in the London Zoo. During a second escape later Chi-Chi bit a woman visitor. On each occasion she had been taken out of her pit so that she could be photographed. The giant panda, which is about twenty months old and comes from China, is 4 ft. long and 3½ ft. high. Mr. Demmer said he was willing to sell her. Dr. H. G. Yevers, London Zoo Assistant to the Scientific Director, asked if they were willing to buy Chi-Chi, replied "Yes, we would be very interested if she is a good draw."

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

MOTHER OF A CLAIMANT TO NURI ES-SAID'S FORTUNE: Mrs. Najia Mazliah testifies at the Tel Aviv District Court that she married in 1939 Sabeh Mazliah, the son of Nuri es-Said, former Premier of the Iraqi-Jordan Arab Union. Mrs. Mazliah's son, Avraham, aged seventeen, claimed that he was the heir to the millions of pounds left by Nuri es-Said in Swiss and British banks. The court was adjourned until early this week when final speeches by the claimant's lawyers and the judgment of the court were expected. Mrs. Mazliah, a Jewish woman, said that her family and that of Nuri es-Said had been neighbours in Iraq. After her marriage and a subsequent divorce, she had gone to Israel. In 1948 she had destroyed all documents relating to the marriage and divorce for fear of an Arab invasion of Israel.

A FLOOD OF REFUGEES FROM EAST GERMANY: In a Tempelhof refugee camp, more than thirteen people, including children, live in one small room. There was in recent weeks a sudden rise in the number of refugees fleeing from East to West Berlin.

CYPRIOTS SEARCHED: Youths face the wall with their hands raised as British troops look for hidden weapons in Ledra Street, known as "Murder Mile," in Nicosia. The search took place after the murder in Nicosia of a member of the security forces, Assistant Police Superintendent D. T. M. Thomson, of New Zealand. The situation in Cyprus deteriorated last week. The murder was followed by a gunfight with terrorists near Famagusta and the murder of a British airman in Nicosia.

On left—

IN WEST BERLIN: A long queue of refugees lines up for hot meals at the "Am Karlsbad" Red Cross camp. Accommodation was strained by the sudden influx. Herr Nahm, of the Refugee Ministry, stated that the reception procedure would be shortened and that the *Länder* would be asked to hasten resettlement. Between 1949 and July 31, 1958, 2,102,105 men, women and children left the Soviet zone.

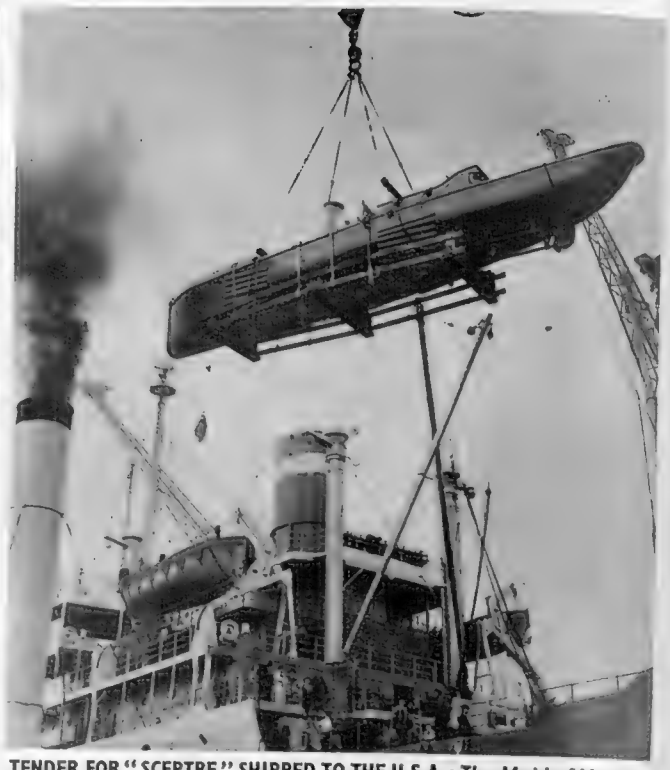
THE WRECK OF A GERMAN U-BOAT: Bombed and sunk by the R.A.F. during the Second World War, the submarine lies fastened to the side of a salvage vessel in the port of Gothenburg, in Sweden. The ship brought the U-boat into the port recently. According to reports the wreck became the subject of a controversy between Danish and Norwegian salvage people. A Danish frogman claimed that a Norwegian expert had the submarine towed into Gothenburg despite the fact that the frogman had previously clearly marked the wreck.

CLEARING UP THE WRECKAGE AFTER AN EXPLOSION: British troops examine the remnants of corrugated iron huts in the British military transit camp at the Hook of Holland. At the beginning of last week an explosion occurred in the camp during the afternoon. Two Dutch civilian employees, engaged in the work of demolishing one of the huts, were killed. Another Dutch civilian was badly injured. All three men were electricians who, it was reported, were digging to remove an electric cable. A spokesman at the War Office in London said that no Britons had been hurt. The explosion destroyed six huts and badly damaged ten more. Other unofficial reports said that the men were killed by the explosion of a thirteen-year-old landmine while they were engaged in demolishing an old bunker.

THE NEWS IN PICTURES

On right—

"SCEPTRE" IN DRY DOCK: The 12-metre British challenger for the America's Cup is brought ashore at Newport, Rhode Island, for the final polishing of her hull in readiness for the series of races for the trophy which begin next Saturday, September 20. The veil of secrecy surrounding the yacht's measurements has been lifted to disclose that she is 68·9 ft. overall, 46·5 ft. on the water-line, and has a breadth of 11·82 ft. She is 7·7 ft. deep and draws 9·1 ft. Since being shipped to the U.S. *Sceptre* has been making a series of trial runs against *Gleam*, an old 12-metre yacht, and has won the majority of them without difficulty. These trials are continuing until Tuesday. From then until the series starts the intensiveness of the training is to be reduced to enable the crew to relax. Of the four 12-metre yachts from which the United States are to choose their defender of the cup, two have been eliminated. These are *Weatherly* and *Easterner*. The final selection, between *Columbia* and the nineteen-year-old *Vim*, is expected to be made to-day (September 13).



TENDER FOR "SCEPTRE" SHIPPED TO THE U.S.A.: The *Maid of Honour*, an ex-Naval pinnace which is to serve as a tender for the British challenger for the America's Cup, is loaded at Victoria Docks.

ATOMS FOR PEACE: A general view of the conference in the Palais des Nations, Geneva. Sitting on the central rostrum, from left, are: Herr Holenstein, the Swiss President; Mr. Hammarskjöld, United Nations Secretary-General; Professor Perrin, of France, and Dr. Sigvard Eklund, of Sweden, President and Secretary respectively of the second international conference on the peaceful uses of atomic energy. Professor Perrin hoped that, like the first conference, it would reduce antagonism between the great Powers and diminish the risk of "the present mad race in nuclear armaments."

On right—

THE FIRST MALAYAN INVESTITURE: The Paramount Ruler, Tuanku Sir Abdul Rahman, presents the Panglima Mangku Negara for outstanding services to the country to Mr. W. L. R. Carbonell, Commissioner of the Royal Federation of Malaya Police, on the first anniversary of Malaya's independence. The presentation is watched by the Paramount Ruler's wife. Fifty-three people received honours and awards at the ceremony.

A VICAR MAKES HIS OWN CHURCH ORNAMENTS: The Rev. Vivian Symons, who dismantled a disused church at Peckham and used the bricks to build a new church at Biggin Hill, in Kent, is now making his own ornaments. He is seen fashioning the altar candlesticks at the sixth International Handicrafts and "Do it Yourself" Exhibition at Olympia. On the right is the altar cross which he has made from jewellery, including wedding rings, given by parishioners. Mr. Symons has also made an alms dish and a chalice from melted-down silver.

THE FIRST TRADE AGREEMENT TO BE MADE BY THE INDEPENDENT FEDERATION OF MALAYA: It has been signed with Australia and provides an undertaking for mutual protection against "unfair trading practices" by others. In Kuala Lumpur the agreement is being signed by Mr. J. McEwen (left), the Australian Minister for Trade, and Mr. Tan Siew Sin, Malayan Minister of Commerce and Trade. In the background is Raja Mohar Bin Raja Badiozaman, Controller of Malaya's Trade Division. Under the agreement Australia is to revise import duties on Malayan rubber, and continue to allow tin imports free of duty. Malaya will investigate the reasons for a decline in imports of Australian products, especially flour.

World Affairs

THE TRAGEDY OF SOUTH AFRICA

By JOHN CONNELL

THROUGHOUT a luminously bright April day a good many years ago—early in World War II, when for officers posted in a hurry to the Middle East the prescribed route was by sea to Cape Town, by rail across the Union and by flying-boat from Durban to Cairo—the train ambled down from the Orange Free State into Natal. My companions, Dick Usborne and Christopher Cadogan, drowsed amid the welter of diplomatic bags which had been committed, a trifle imprudently, to our care. I stood for hours on an observation platform steeping myself in the sensations of a countryside which I had never seen before, but which, out of the haze of family memories, piles of snapshot albums and much indiscriminate reading, was profoundly and strangely familiar to me. As a boy and as a young man I had many emotional affairs with countries; and the Union of South Africa was one of my first loves.

Early in the golden, harvest-ripened afternoon the train slowed to a stop at a small rural station. As it did so, on the dusty road beside the line a pony-trap clattered along at a tremendous pace. Its driver was a rustic, elderly person with a white goatee beard and a hat straight out of *The Graphic* drawings of the 1880's; he was standing up and lashing the pony into frantic competition with the locomotive. On the seat beside him there joggled about, in hardly less excitement, a thin, blond small boy clutching a battered-looking Gladstone bag. Since I had come by my circuitous route from an A.A. gunsite in London in the blitz, it seemed to me that the time-machine had slipped back a war or two.

When we reached the station the pony had obviously lost the race. But the train stood at the platform for several minutes, with clouds of steam pouring from it and bells ringing; the trap dashed into the yard; the old man and the boy leaped from it and, in a second or two, the boy was clambering up on to the observation platform; I had the Gladstone bag in one hand, and the boy's wrist in the other. The old gentleman, though out of breath, poured out a flood of admirations at the child. He gave me a quick, appraising glance.

English? Boy going to aunt at Fourisburg. Look after him, please."

He was eleven. His name was Piet. The old gentleman was his grandfather. This was the first time he had ever gone to stay away from his home. How I acquainted myself with these facts—how, indeed, we contrived to hold a long, detailed and very amiable conversation—I cannot quite understand, for I had no Afrikaans and the boy had no English. But we established relations of the utmost friendliness, and the recollection of the sweetness of his smile, as I handed him down to his massive, full-bosomed, loudly clucking aunt, is undimmed across the years.

That child must now be a young man in his late twenties. What has he become? Is he one more of those tight-lipped, arrogant young policemen who swagger about the streets of Johannesburg, does he talk all the doomed patter of *baaskap* and *apartheid*? Or has he—as diminishing numbers of his race do nowadays—remained on the farm in that high land of gold and grey-green light, working, praying, meditating and pursuing the noble, pastoral existence of his ancestors?

The Union of South Africa is a tragically confused country. Its politics seethe with hatred and fear. It was a land of proud and splendid dreaming, and in recent years ugly and brutal reality has caught up with and crushed the dreams. There seems no place for young visionaries—of any race—in South Africa to-day. Its music, which ought to be the solitary shepherd's flute heard against the thin air of the high veldt, is the incessant, angry roll of the extremists' drums. It was the chosen scene of a great liberal experiment, of reconciliation between the victors and the vanquished, of folk of different races and ancient hostilities finding a shared loyalty and a shared hope. Now, "liberal" is a dirty word, spat out in sour contempt. Sourness, indeed, is the keynote of South African life; in the most ordinary personal relationships, almost as much as over the great, brooding political issues, there is this rancorous flavour. There is a menacing awareness of tragedy in the air; and there appears to be nobody in sight with the dedicated courage and idealism to overcome this threat.

Even in the name of the country itself there is a harsh irony. The Union of South Africa offers one of the most terrible—and complicated—examples of political, racial and moral disunity in the world to-day. Inside and outside the country, all over Africa, indeed, people talk incessantly about the Union; always their use of the word itself is charged with fierce emotional undertones. Its prosperity and power are magnetic; its political outlook and aspirations are repellent. If, as I do, you believe that in the ideals and the practice of the Capricorn Society lies the one real hope of peace for millions in vast areas of Africa, the prospect of the Union—where an elaborate political and constitutional edifice has been established, whose first principle is a denial of the equal rights of all men before God—is as disagreeable as it is fascinating.

SOUTH AFRICA'S PRIME MINISTERS: *On left*—The late Mr. J. G. Strydom, who died recently. *On right*—His successor, Dr. Hendrik Frensch Verwoerd, former Minister of Native Affairs. It seems certain that he will continue the strong *apartheid* policy of Mr. Strydom. For many years the new Prime Minister has propounded the theory that segregation of whites and non-whites is in the best interests of all races.

That extremely penetrating young writer, James Morris, has succinctly defined the South African dilemma:

> The country is doubly disunited. The three million whites are bitterly divided among themselves, Afrikaner against English, with the Afrikaner Nationalist Government rampantly in control; and the Europeans as a whole in desperate conflict with their ten million black and brown cohabitants. While the squabbling whites try hard to maintain their positions and privileges, the voteless blacks are pressing ever more angrily for political rights and equal opportunities. Things seem to be approaching a climax.

The climax, in my view, can be postponed; it cannot be avoided. The pattern of events is remorseless. When Strydom died the other day *The Times* described him as a latter-day Kruger. There is a considerable measure of truth in the analogy, but it is not all the truth. Kruger's political faith was harsh, narrow and bigoted; but it had a magnificent consistency about it. He wanted no lot or part in the world which pressed and swirled around his patriarchal *stoep*. His resentment against the *Uitlanders* was rooted in a profound moral conviction: the values and standards which they sought to bring into his remote little republic were in his opinion evil and debased.

The Afrikaner Nationalists who are in power to-day, who have consolidated their power by tricks and devices as shady as can be conceived, are lacking in that stern single-mindedness. They have made, and will go on making, their compromises with Mammon; they have moved in on commerce and industry, and the descendant of the noble *voortrekking* pioneer is proving as agile, as unscrupulous, as power-lusting as any *Uitlander*. The Afrikaner Nationalist wants it both ways, and he is rigging the judiciary and the legislature to make sure that he continues to have it both ways. The liberal-minded Afrikaner, usually of Cape Dutch origin, still exists, but he is an increasingly rare phenomenon. Hofmeyr died untimely; Smuts's memory is smeared and sneered at by his compatriots.

The Afrikaner Nationalist was determined—over a period of many years—to wipe out every effect of the British victory in the South African War and its aftermath. He has now to all intents and purposes succeeded. The United Party, for all the courage and distinction of one or two of its outstanding spokesmen, is a crushed little remnant of what it once was; and it offers no real alternative to the hateful *Herrenvolk* doctrine and practice of the Nationalists. The English-speaking South Africans are (with one or two gallant exceptions) openly and pitiably in retreat from participation in politics. Shutting their eyes and their ears to what is going on around them, taking the stifling and corrupting moral atmosphere for granted, and persuading themselves that it does not affect them, they have, in fact, appeased and conceded for so long that they are now in no position to make the heroic moral stand that must be asked of them.

Johannesburg is the symbol and focus of the tragedy which has enveloped, and is still enveloping, South Africa. It is, as everyone who has lived there for any time is constrained to admit, an evil and a dangerous city. It is also a profoundly sad, dull city, for all its surface glitter. This, I have often thought, is really what hell must be like. The only cheerful faces in Johannesburg are those of the most oppressed, the herded, bullied, chivvied, pass-carrying Negroes. The Afrikaner sets his countenance in the grim lines of conscious racial superiority; he must be boss and everyone else must know it, and if he is a minor official—a ticket-collector, a bus-conductor, a waiter in a dining car—he is unbelievably surly and rude into the bargain. The English-speaking South African, in his sumptuous new office, at the edge of his swimming-pool, or in the vast, sleek car rolling out to the woods and gardens of his carefully groomed suburb, will expound his troubles to you at inordinate length, and tell you how little those damned Left-wing politicians and journalists in the Old Country bother to understand South Africa's difficulties. "Those Nats?" He shifts his glance a little too quickly. "Oh, they 're all right, old boy, so long as you play it their way."

An ancillary danger, with its own tragic implications, is that with the rapid expansion—industrial far more than agricultural—of the Rhodesias, the attitudes and standards which are now habitual in the Union are showing signs of spreading up into the Central African Federation. Afrikaner emigration into the Federation is on a considerable scale. Will the moral stand that has not been made in the Union in recent years be any easier, or any more feasible, in the Federation? The Federation, like Kenya, faces the immensely difficult problems of political and social evolution in a multi-racial community. The forces working against sensible and constructive solutions are formidable. The consciousness of the ever-tightening application of *apartheid*—with all its hatred-infused tangle of restrictions and regulations—in the Federation's large and powerful southern neighbour is hardly exhilarating.

We have travelled a long, dark path from Cecil Rhodes' great vision of a community of peoples in Africa which would bestow equal rights on all civilised men. Yet, despite the fact that Rhodes' contemporary reputation is that of a colonialist brigand, the vision was right and its abandonment has been cowardly and wrong.

PEOPLE IN THE NEWS

On left—

THE AUSTRALIAN MINISTER FOR EXTERNAL AFFAIRS IN THE NETHERLANDS: Mr. Robert G. Casey is received by Queen Juliana and Prince Bernhard during his recent visit to the country. They are seen in conversation on the terrace of the Soestdijk Palace, a few miles north-east of Utrecht. Mr. Casey had arrived in the Netherlands after a visit to London. He met Dutch Ministers for discussions concerning the co-operation of the two countries in New Guinea, and issued a statement fully supporting Dutch sovereignty over the western half of New Guinea. Mr. Casey also said that both he and the Dutch Foreign Minister, Dr. Luns, had discussed particularly how to speed up the carrying out of the Dutch-Australian statement signed last October for the administrative integration of Dutch and Australian New Guinea. Before returning to Australia in October, Mr. Casey is visiting New York to lead the Australian Delegation to the United Nations General Assembly. He will also attend the meeting of the ANZUS Pact Council in Washington, and have talks with the United States Government. Mr. Casey, who has been Australia's Minister for External Affairs since 1951, is aged sixty-eight.

Below—

IN CONFERENCE AT BOURNEMOUTH: Mr. Frank Cousins, General Secretary of the Transport and General Workers' Union, strolls with his wife at Bournemouth while attending the ninetieth Trades Union Congress. It was Mr. Cousins who, although he had played a leading role in the recent London bus strike, refused to allow argument to start on the opening days of the Conference over the General Council's refusal to support the extension of the strike. Reports said he was anxious for the main debate on wage policy to be based on the resolution he was to move later in the week. Despite attempts to place on record a tribute to the busmen, Mr. Cousins damped discussion effectively, saying that "inquests were on the cause of death, and that in this case there was no death." It seemed, as the Conference opened, that he was in a wary and unprovocative mood.

POLITICAL MEETINGS ARE HELD AGAIN IN MALTA: Miss Mabel Strickland, leader of the Progressive Constitutional Party, gesticulates as she addresses a political meeting from a 3-ton lorry outside the Hamrun Police Station. It was the first political meeting to be held in Malta since April, when the Governor imposed a ban on all public gatherings shortly after the resignation of the Dom Mintoff Government. This came into force on April 28 after disturbances and strikes in protest against British policy concerning Malta. Sir Robert Laycock, the Governor, lifted the ban on August 18 as "a further step in the return to normal conditions," and Miss Strickland's meeting was held a few days later. Earlier this year when Miss Strickland addressed a rally at Zebbug, near Valetta, Labour Party supporters of Mr. Mintoff tried to break up the meeting. In her speech at that time Miss Strickland called for Mr. Mintoff's resignation from the Premiership following the exchange of messages with Mr. Lennox-Boyd, the British Colonial Secretary, over the dockyard dispute.

On left—

AN INCOMPARABLE STAR: Miss Greta Garbo talks to the violinist at the Sporting Club in Monte Carlo. Despite the fact that the film star has lived for years in rigorously preserved obscurity, she is, perhaps, one of the most photographed women in the world. This year, during a long holiday on the French Riviera, she has forsaken the dark glasses which so much of the time had hidden her face, and she has often been seen in public dining at the famous restaurants of the French Riviera. Although nowadays only a name to the younger generation, Greta Garbo remains unforgettable to those who saw her in *Camille*, which has successfully been shown again in cinemas in London and elsewhere in recent weeks. Perhaps the re-release of this film may be followed by showings of such films as *The Kiss* and *Mata Hari*, in which she gave two of her most memorable performances. Miss Garbo was invited by Sir Winston Churchill to join him and Lady Churchill at the celebration of their golden wedding yesterday (Sept. 12).

Below—

THE DUKE AND DUCHESS OF WINDSOR ON HOLIDAY: They are seen at Biarritz, the resort on the Bay of Biscay, which they have been visiting for the first time for four years. When this picture was taken they were on their way to the chalet which they had rented in the grounds surrounding the swimming-pool of the Hotel du Palais. Before his holiday the Duke had been ill with an attack of shingles.

MMEMORATING THE REINTERMENT OF MUSSOLINI: Signora Rachele Mussolini, widow of the Italian dictator, holds out her hand to be kissed during a ceremony at Predappio, near Ravenna. The remains of the dictator were buried in a family tomb at Predappio last year after having been secretly hidden for ten years in a Capuchin Monastery, about fifty miles from Milan. The family of the Duce has undertaken to try to prevent the grave, not far from his birthplace, from becoming a neo-Fascist shrine. Mussolini's widow and youngest son, Romano, were among the dictator's relatives who attended the burial last year when the ceremonies included a Requiem Mass. Police stood by to try to prevent scenes at the cemetery. The reinterment followed a number of requests made by Signora Mussolini and her family. Mass was also celebrated at this year's ceremonies, an altar being erected in the square outside the cemetery for the service. A large crowd attended and the police were again present. The fascist salute was given when neo-Fascist Party members visited the Mussolini family crypt.

CHOOSE YOUR ARTICLE

Each Year, Over 200,000 Objects are Deposited at a Unique Lost Property Office in Paris

The word which springs readily to the Parisian's lips when he talks about where he lives is *quartier*. It is a word which means much and which is difficult to translate with precision. Another such word is *fourrière*. It is defined in the dictionary as: pound (for stray animals). But ask a Parisian for a verbal definition of La Fourrière and, more often than not, he is unable to give it. For La Fourrière, standing in the rue de Dantzig and run by the Prefecture de Police, is as many-sided as it is indispensable.

If one adheres strictly to the definition of the dictionary then it is, indeed, a pound for stray animals. But it is also very much more than that. It is, one could say, a unique and extraordinary lost property office. Unique in view of the fact that a wide variety of other activities are carried out there and extraordinary in view of the objects kept.

Many Parisians have visited La Fourrière at one time or another, maybe to trace lost property or to reclaim a lost animal; to report an accident or collect cars damaged in collisions. All public transport drivers in Paris are obliged to visit La Fourrière annually for their vehicles to be checked for comfort and cleanliness and the renewal of licences. The death of any pet animal in a domestic household must be reported to La Fourrière.

That is by no means all. A lost property office is also linked with the building, and in addition it is the depot for all objects confiscated by the law. If one takes into account the fact that all lost or stray animals are taken there, then some general idea can be formed of the function of this institution. It should be cited as an example of brilliant organisation. No more than seventy people are employed in La Fourrière, which works most efficiently. Of all the official bureaux of Paris it is the one where formalities are carried out most quickly and effectively.

To give some idea of the scale of La Fourrière it is useful to cite figures. During the past year 4,888 dogs and cats were taken in, in addition to 202 other animals, among them horses (probably escaped from gypsies camped in the suburbs), goats and sheep (lost while being transported across Paris), hens, parrots, canaries and pigeons. Of the 4,888 dogs and cats, only 510 were claimed by their owners. Those not collected within four days are put to sleep, except for pedigrees, which are sent to the Animal Protection Society. La Fourrière also cares for animals belonging to persons who have died or who enter hospital. Last year it took charge of a bowl of goldfish belonging to an arrested man. In the past twelve months it has disposed of 7,064 dead dogs and 3,263 dead cats for their owners.

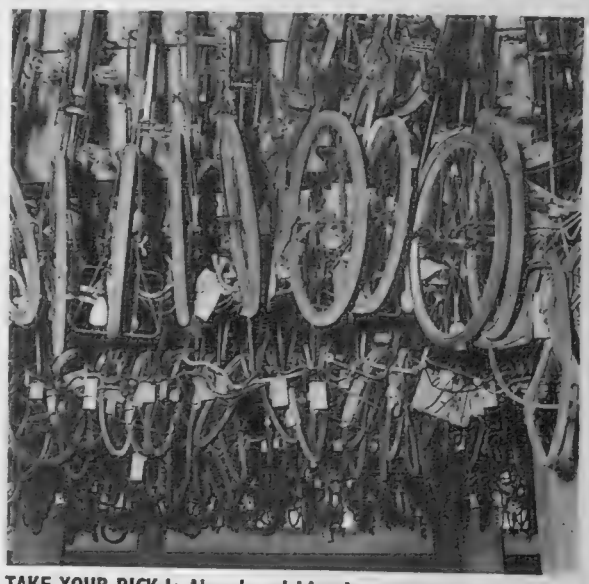
Over 2,463 objects, including 700 cars and 424 motor-bicycles, were deposited at La Fourrière by the judiciary authorities—most of them belonging to arrested persons. About 526 were handed back to their owners after trial. The forty people working in the lost property office last year accepted 209,000 objects, of which only 40,000 were reclaimed by their owners. Articles not claimed after six months are realised and any profits go to the State.

Each year some 12,500 taxis, 2,500 municipal autobuses, 500 tourists' cars and 12 cabs are inspected. Last year 250 taxis were not approved and owners had to re-upholster their vehicles before licences were renewed.

FRANCE'S "LOST PROPERTY OFFICE": *Left*—The view is of the main entrance to La Fourrière, in the rue de Dantzig, Paris. *Right*—A taxi is drawn up outside the vehicle control office. Each year more than 200,000 objects are deposited at this unique institution, which comes under the administration of the Prefecture de Police. La Fourrière is a household word among the Parisians.

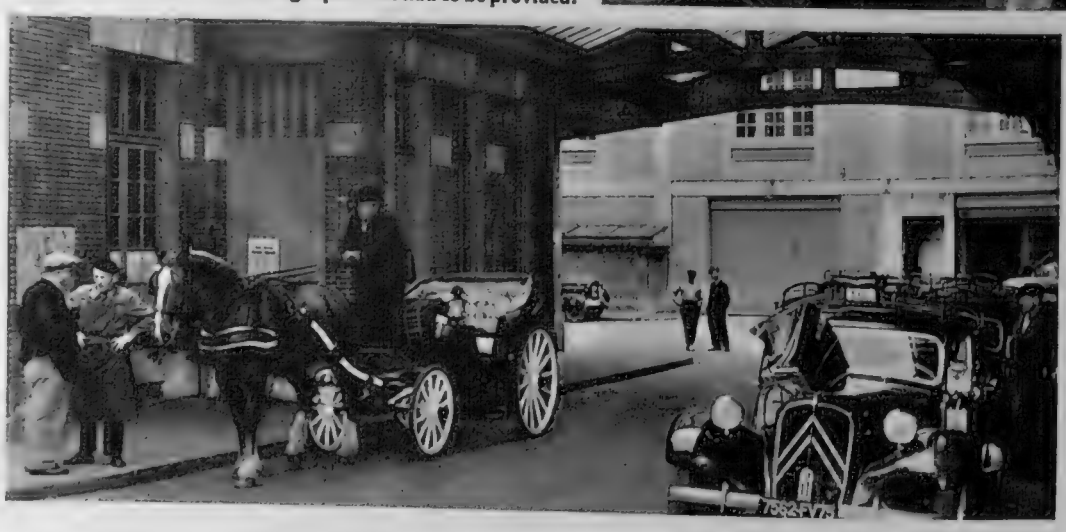
INVOLVED IN A FATAL ACCIDENT: The almost unrecognisable vehicle is labelled at La Fourrière. After the inquest, relatives can reclaim the car if they wish to do so.

AN IMPOUNDED CAR: It is being towed to La Fourrière after police found arms hidden in the boot. All impounded objects are kept in a special section. After a period they are usually returned to their owners.



TAKE YOUR PICK!: Abandoned bicycles are stacked in racks. So great is the quantity of objects now housed at La Fourrière that extra storage space has had to be provided.

BRINGING IN STRAY DOGS: Not only do lorries collect lost property daily from police stations in Paris, but lost or stray dogs are collected, too. La Fourrière handles nearly 5,000 cats and dogs in a year.



On left—
RENEWING LICENCES: On the right taxi-drivers queue for the annual inspection of vehicles before licences are granted for the new year. On the left the owner of an ancient fiacre leaves the building, his cab having passed the inspection. There are now only twelve fiacres which are regularly used in Paris.

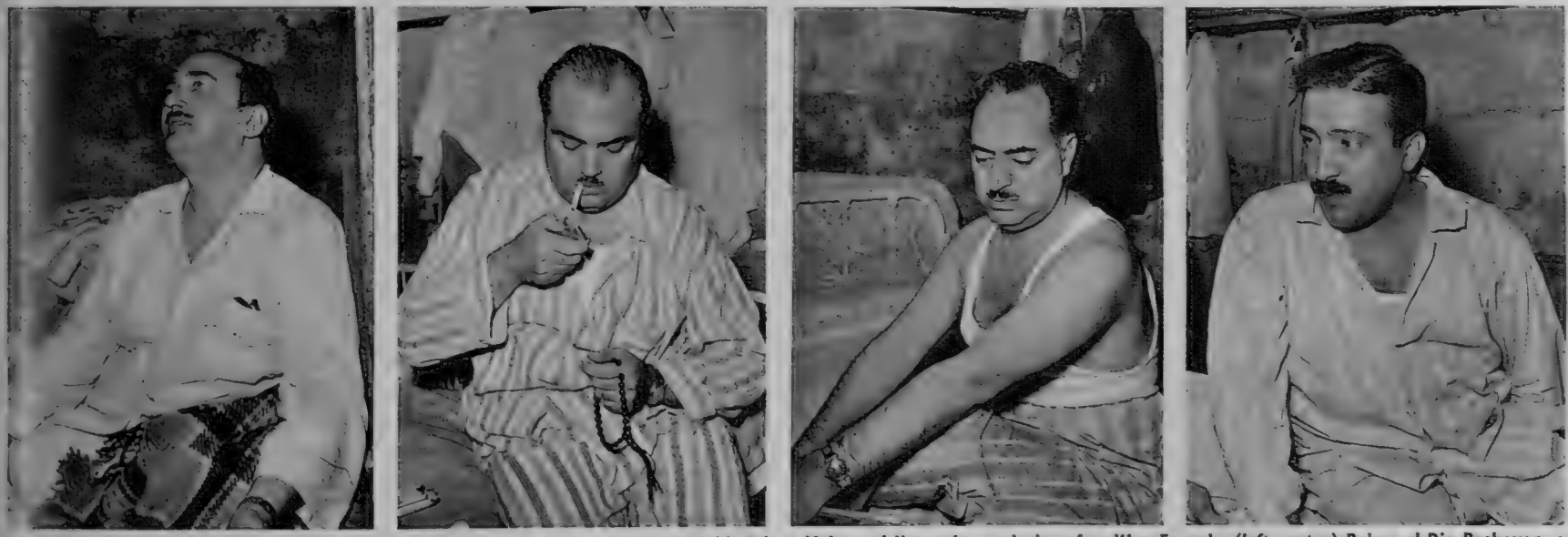
AWAITING TRIAL: In the stone cells of the prison in Bagdad are some of the political prisoners arrested after the *coup d'état* in Iraq. *On left*, in foreground, is Khalil Ibrahim, who was a Secretary-General of the Arab Union. *On right*, in foreground, is Fadhil Jamali, former Minister of Foreign Affairs.

IN PRISON: Sheikhs Mahmoud el Estrabadi (right) and Mohammed el Oreiri were alleged to have tried to help Nuri es Said, the former Premier, to escape.

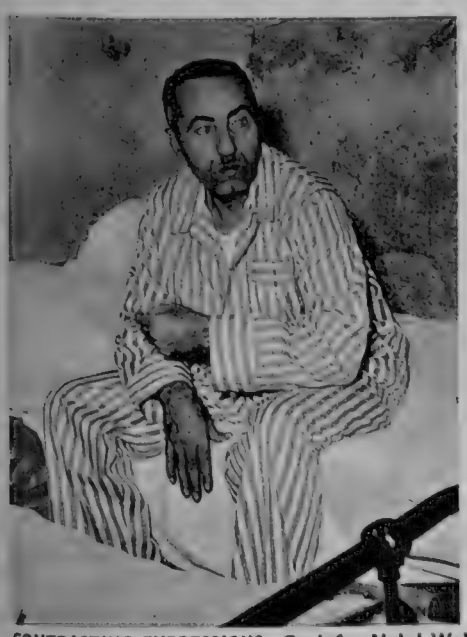
AFTER THE BAGDAD COUP

Some of the Former Iraq Leaders Awaiting Trial Under a Conspiracy and Corruption Law

After the *coup d'état* in Iraq many people who had been prominent in the previous regime were arrested. At the beginning of August a list of 108 names was issued by the new Government of men charged under a new corruption and conspiracy law. Some time later the Minister of Justice, Mustafa Ali, answered questions about this law. He said that the death penalty could result from a prosecution made under it. Embracing a wide range of offences, political, administrative and criminal, the treason law casts a fine net over a wide area. Charges can be brought under it for conducting policy in a manner which is contrary to the national interest or attempting to use the country's armed forces against Arab countries. Other charges deal with restricting public freedom, interfering with and falsifying elections, wasting the national wealth by disbursing it on unnecessary projects, accepting funds from other countries, and taxation avoidance. Among those arrested are four former Prime Ministers. One of the thirty Army officers named is General Rafiq Arif, C.-in-C. of the Iraq-Jordan Arab Federation Army. Proceedings against two of the 108 men began in August. The accused were the former Foreign Minister of the Arab Federation, Tewfik Suwaidi, and the former Iraq Foreign Minister, Burhanuddin Bashayan. They were charged with being concerned in alleged conspiracies by the crown and Nuri es Said's Government against Syria.



POLITICAL PRISONERS: Sitting patiently on their beds wearing pyjamas are (left) Prince Mahmoud Namouk, a relative of ex-King Farouk; (left centre) Bohan el Din Bashayan, a former Foreign Minister; (right centre) Said el Kazzaz, ex-Minister of the Interior; and (right) Rafik Tewfik, once the Head of Iraq's Security Forces. Namouk was extradited from Iraq later and taken to Cairo for retrial. He had been sentenced in his absence to fifteen years' imprisonment for alleged participation in a plot to overthrow Nasser.



CONTRASTING EXPRESSIONS: *On left*—Abdul Wahab Mirjan, a former Prime Minister of Iraq, looks gloomy. *On right*—Ahmed Mukhtar Baban, an ex-Premier, who apparently managed to retain his silk dressing-gown after arrest, looks cheerful. Four former Prime Ministers were arrested.

SURROUNDED BY HIGH, BLANK WALLS: A file of political prisoners makes its way towards the communal washrooms. A list was issued of the names of 108 men who were charged under a conspiracy and corruption law.

IN THE AIR AT FARNBOROUGH : Taking part in the display presented by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors is the Fairey Rotodyne. Described as "the world's first vertical take-off airliner," this remarkable machine, a combination of helicopter and fixed-wing aircraft, took part in the display for the first time. It flew past the spectators at a speed of approximately 170 m.p.h.

MAKING ITS DEBUT : The Blackburn and General Aircraft Limited's N.A.39 naval supersonic strike bomber makes a low-level fly-past, with its undercarriage unfolding. At the rear of the fuselage can be seen the split tail air brakes in an open position. For security reasons the aircraft did not land at Farnborough but operated from Boscombe Down. It is under development for the Royal Navy as a replacement for the Westland Wyvern.

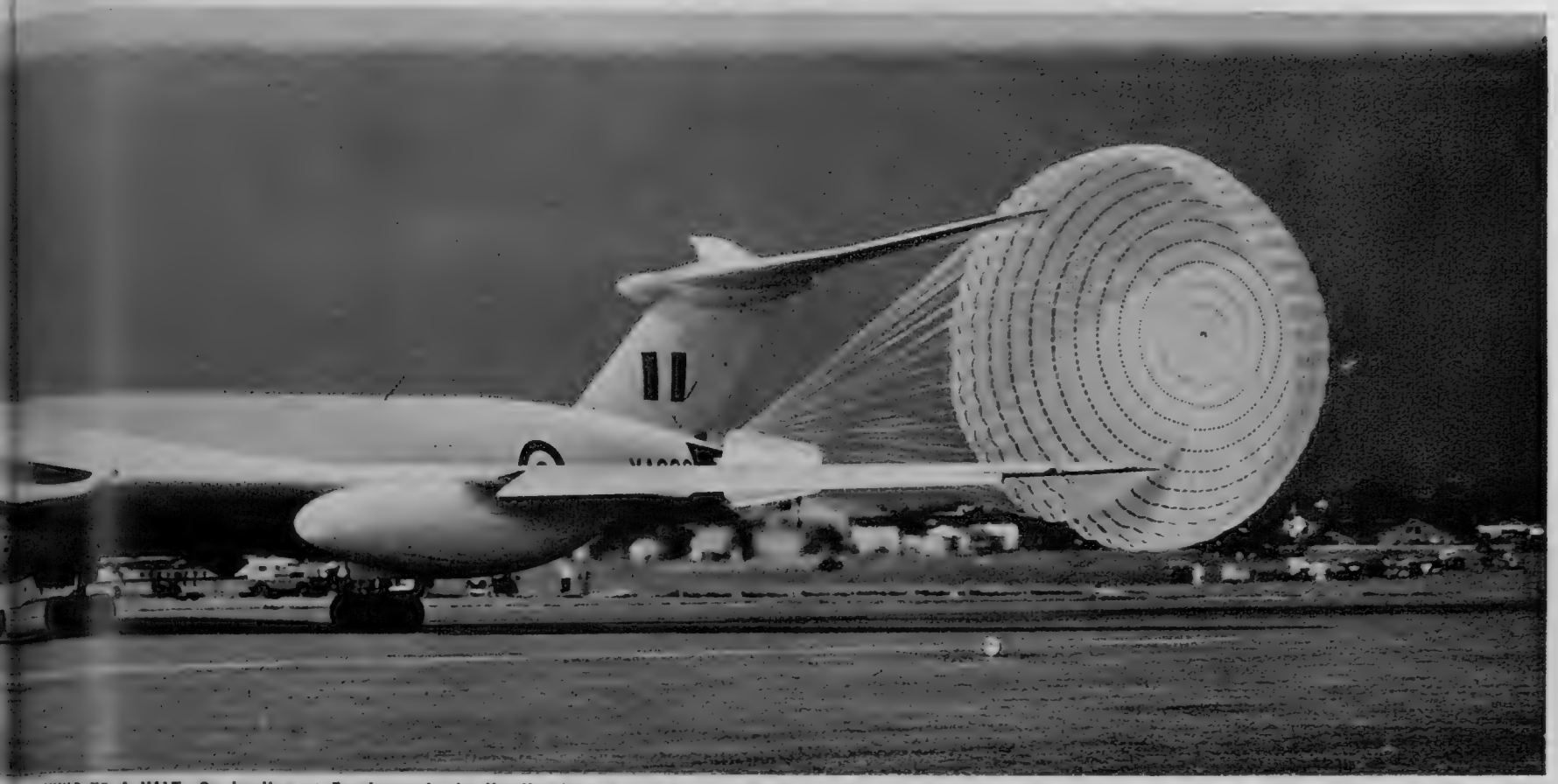
SEEN AT FARNBOROUGH

New Aircraft Appearing for the First Time at the S.B.A.C. Show, and Impressive Displays by V-class Bombers

Emphasis this year at the Farnborough Air Show, organised by the Society of British Aircraft Constructors as a shop-window for British aviation, was on vertical flight. Not only was interest centred on the four helicopters seen at the display for the first time, but also on two of Britain's large jet bombers, the Victor and Vulcan, which demonstrated an impressive show of manœuvrability with near-vertical climbs finishing in half-loops. This technique is not merely a stunt ; if such an aircraft had just dropped a nuclear bomb, such a manœuvre would be necessary to enable it to be heading away from the explosion as quickly as possible. The other of the V-class bombers, the Valiant, demonstrated aerial refuelling.

The most unusual of the four rotorcraft, on display at Farnborough for the first time, was the Fairey Rotodyne. This simulated a service direct between city centres. Fitted with retractable undercarriage and noise attenuators, it took off vertically, using the power of its rotor tip-jets. Power was then transferred to the airscrews of its two Napier Eland turbo-prop engines so that it flew horizontally. The Bristol 192 turbine-powered twin-engined helicopter took off and hovered on one engine, showing the reserve of power this aircraft possesses. The other two new helicopters exhibited were the Saunders-Roe P 531 and the very large 14-ton Westland Westminster utility aircraft. In the aircraft park one of the two Short SE 1 vertical take-off research aircraft was to be seen.

COMING IN TO LAND DURING THE AIR DISPLAY : The nose section of the Fairey Delta 2 is lowered to afford the pilot a good view of the ground as the aircraft is brought in to land. In flight the movable nose is aligned to the datum line of the aircraft. The wing of this single-seat, delta design is exceptionally thin. Built under a Ministry of Supply contract to investigate flight characteristics at transonic and supersonic speeds, the prototype set up a world speed record in 1956 of 1,132 m.p.h.



BRAKING TO A HALT: On landing at Farnborough, the Handley Page Victor is slowed by a large parachute streamed from the tail. One of the most remarkable features of the display was the almost fighter-like manœuvrability shown by the Victor, which is a four-jet bomber with a "crescent"-shaped wing. It performed steep climbs culminating in half-loops, which brought it upside down, and then rolled back into a normal flying position. The Mark 1 Victor has four Armstrong Siddeley Sapphire turbo-jets.

WITH A LETHAL LOAD: An Avro Vulcan 2 flies overhead carrying, slung beneath the centre of its fuselage, an Avro stand-off bomb. This is a powered missile enabling its release many miles from the target, to which it proceeds under its own power. Thus the bomber can avoid having to penetrate hostile defences. The Vulcan 2 has a greater wing area than the first version and can employ the increased engine-power of four Bristol Olympus turbo-jet engines to carry larger loads at increased height.

OLD AND NEW IN HASTINGS

The Sussex Seaside Town from Pre-1066 to the Present Day

By BRIAN VESEY-FITZGERALD

I SUPPOSE that it is not the best time, after one of the most liquid summers on record, to visit a seaside resort and expect to find it bustling, prosperous and cheerful. And Hastings (Hastings and St. Leonards to give it its proper title, for the two together form a county borough) is not one of our major seaside resorts. Now, that is the sort of remark calculated to stir the Council to a dignified letter of protest, so let me hasten to add that I intend no disrespect to Hastings and St. Leonards: I just cannot regard it in the same light as, say, Blackpool or Brighton, both of which are undoubtedly major seaside resorts.

As a matter of fact, I like Hastings. It has so much to offer which is wholly absent from the major seaside resorts. History, for example: Hastings is connected with the one date in our history known to every school child, though not all of them, I suspect, could tell you in which county it is situated. Actually, of course, William the Conqueror did not land at Hastings. He landed near Eastbourne on a beach of shingle and coarse sand which is known as " The Crumbles." I have often wondered why he chose this spot, for from it there was only one narrow pass, the high ground to the north-west of Hastings which separated the Pevensey marshes and the then impenetrable forest of Anderida, into the heart of England. True, this narrow pass was quite undefended: the Saxon army under Harold (an unpleasant character, but a brilliant general) was more than 200 miles away to the north repelling a Norwegian invasion. William knew that, of course, but I do not think he knew that the pass was undefended.

I think that he arrived at " The Crumbles " by mistake, and that his navigator was not as familiar with Channel tides and Channel winds as he should have been. At any rate, once landed, William did nothing about it. He held a lot of religious services (he was plentifully supplied with monks and priests), seized some food in Hastings and (rather optimistically) burnt his boats, but he did not even send outposts to the pass. One cannot avoid the impression that he was taken a little aback at the situation in which he found himself: that he had expected to land somewhere else. Certainly, had he done so, he might have conquered England without fighting a major battle. As it was, he waited a fortnight, gave Harold time to come south after defeating the Norwegians, gave him time to dig himself in, and then won a battle (which lasted a whole day) and a kingdom on an error of judgment.

Hastings was, of course, a town before William the Conqueror's day (the *ing* termination is Saxon) and it is noted in the Laws of Athelstan as a place with a mint, which indicates some importance. In those days, and indeed until much later, it had a harbour, which was probably situated on the west side of the modern East Hill. There was, in fact, a harbour of sorts as late as the sixteenth century and it was because of this that Hastings was the head of the Cinque Ports.

This coast, in fact, was the birthplace of our naval power. Before a regular royal navy was established the king relied chiefly on the services of the Cinque Ports—Hastings, Romney, Hythe, Dover and Sandwich. In exchange for charters freeing these five ports from tolls, dues and various other burdens (which could be very heavy) they would provide on demand fifty-seven ships with 1,197 men and boys for service at sea for a period of fifteen days in any one year. The whole of the gear and all the rations necessary for this fifteen-day period had also to be provided by the ports, which is sufficient indication of the weight of tolls and dues.

The period started the moment that the fleet weighed anchor, but if for any reason it lasted for more than fifteen days the ports could send in a bill for overtime. Judging by the habits of English monarchs at that time, there was but a slender chance of having any such bill met. Yet it must have been quite a paying proposition for the ports, for the " Ancient Towns "—Pevensey, Rye, Winchelsea, Lydd, Folkestone, Deal and Walmer—were eager enough to augment the fleet of the Cinque Ports when invited to do so. The Cinque Ports' fleet was normally used for raids on the Continent, of course, but it sometimes went much further afield. It played a big part in the conquest of Wales and more than once was used against the Scots: and these were, of course, " overtime " voyages with a vengeance.

Of all these towns only Dover and Folkestone now have harbours in the true sense of the word; and both these are man-made. Most of the others have silted up and one or two of the towns are now some way from the sea. It is, I think, commonly thought that this has also been the fate of Hastings. In fact, the reverse has been the case. The original Hastings, the Saxon Hastings, lies under the sea. Where once the harbour was there is now a steep shingle beach divided by a breakwater.

This breakwater does more than divide the beach: it divides Hastings. To the west of it is the seaside resort: to the east, the working town. For Hastings, unlike Lydd and Romney and Winchelsea and Sandwich, has not lost touch with a seafaring life. The old town at least, the eastern part, is still very much a fishing town and there is still quite a considerable fleet of luggers, which, when not at work, can be seen drawn up on the shingle close by the tall black net-drying sheds. The Hastings lugger, a famous vessel, is still built, so I am told, to a design which has not altered in a couple of centuries or more. I do not know about that, for I do not know anything about boats—I am in complete agreement with my stomach that the sea is there to be looked at and not to be sat upon—but they are pleasant fat little boats with two masts, one right in front and the other right at the stern, and they do not look as if they would ever upset.

The division indicated by that breakwater is very sharp in the town itself. The Old Town, which is crammed into a little valley between the East and West Hills, is best seen from Castle Hill, for though the two principal streets are charming and astonishingly varied in their architecture it is the roof line that ought really to be seen and this you cannot do satisfactorily from ground level. From Castle Hill the jumble of tightly-packed, red-tiled roofs is wholly delightful and somehow very un-English.

The rest of Hastings is very English and seaside resort. You can, indeed, follow the development of the town architecturally as you walk westwards. St. Leonards (named presumably after that St. Leonard who was a pretty notable dragon-slayer, though I do not know that he ever killed one on the shore) was founded in 1828 and was built in part by Decimus Burton, the architect of the screen at Hyde Park Corner. So you walk out of the ancient, and in places timber-framed, Old Town into the dignity of the late eighteenth century, thence to the tall elegance of the early nineteenth-century bow-fronted terraces, and finally to the twentieth-century White Rock Pavilion and floodlighting, swimming-pool, beauty queens, ice-cream parlours, and all the rest.

Charles Lamb, you may remember, did not like Hastings. "We have been dull at Worthing one summer, duller at Brighton another, dullest at Eastbourne a third, and are at this moment doing dreary penance at . . . Hastings!" And elsewhere he really lets himself go. " There is no home for me here. It is a place of fugitive resort, a heterogeneous assemblage of sea-mews and stock-brokers, Amphitrites of the town, and misses that coquet with the Ocean. If it were what it was in its primitive shape, and what it ought to have remained, a fair honest fishing-town . . . it were something. . . . All is false and hollow pretension."

Well, I suppose you could say that of every seaside resort in Britain. They have got to be pretentious if they want to keep up with the times and secure their share of a very ephemeral traffic. If Hastings had remained " what it was in its primitive shape " it would not now be a " fair honest fishing-town ": it would be a neglected and virtually bankrupt village. There simply is not the money in this sort of fishing nowadays to support a community on its own.

Hastings is one of the very few places—Yarmouth and Whitby are other examples—which have managed to retain much of the old while embarking, very successfully, on the new. And these places develop a character, an aliveness, which is altogether absent from the 100 per cent. professional seaside resort.

The very fact that the Hastings fishermen have stuck to their luggers instead of selling them and taking to launches and five-bob " trips round the bay " has made the difference, and a difference, too, in the type of people who go to Hastings. You can ruin a seashore, as we have ruined so much of the South Coast, with shanties and caravan-sites and bungalows and cafés, but you cannot meddle with the sea or the men who go to sea for a livelihood. Such men, on land, are usually inarticulate, but they bring back with them from the waters a sturdy independence which is wholly absent from the " launch sailor," one eye on his tip. And it is these fishermen who have coloured the whole of Hastings, and not merely that part east of the breakwater.

By that, I mean that Hastings people, even those who cater solely for the holiday traffic, are aware that Hastings is just a little different from neighbouring seaside resorts. It is astonishing how many Hastings folk will tell you that it is a " nice " place, a " quiet " place, meaning by that that it is not quite so garish as some others. It is really astonishing how many Hastings people, who do not know a pawn from a bishop, are proud of having a famous chess tournament in the town; how many are proud of having the town criers' championship in the town (though no one could call that quiet entertainment). These things are the symbols of the difference. But the real difference is symbolised in the age-old tradition of the lugger.

But, in one thing, modern Hastings, west of the breakwater, is not different. It, or much of it, lives through the winter on the takings of the summer. It is going to be a lean winter for many a seaside landlady, in Hastings as elsewhere.

IN OLD HASTINGS: The view is of the fish-market with part of the town in the background. The eastern part of the old town is still very much a fishing port and there is still a considerable fleet of luggers—" pleasant fat little boats with two masts, one right in front and the other right at the stern." In the background, the black wooden structures are the famous old Net Houses.

THE SECOND UNITED STATES NUCLEAR SUBMARINE TO CROSS THE NORTH POLE: The *Skate*, 2,190 tons, cases her bow against a sheet of ice after surfacing in an opening in the ice-pack near the North Pole. By crossing the North Pole, under the ice-cap, the *Skate* followed the lead of the *Nautilus*, which made the first Polar passage on August 5. The *Skate* made her Polar voyage on her first venture into the Arctic Ocean. The news of her feat was radioed from a position about forty miles from the Pole, the first ice-opening to be located after the actual crossing. At a subsequent surfacing the *Skate* anchored to a floating ice island (on which is situated an International Geophysical Year station) by means of iron stakes driven into the ice. Her captain said it was "an incredible sight when my periscope broke water to see the huts of the ice station all round." In the course of Arctic explorations the submarine was submerged under the ice-pack for a period of ten days, travelling 2,405 miles. Throughout this period she surfaced nine times. The *Skate*, America's third atomic submarine, carries a crew of ninety-seven and can travel 61,000 miles without refuelling.

UNDER THE ARCTIC ICE

After Crossing the North Pole, the Atomic Submarine "Skate" Continues Explorations in the Arctic

On left—
PREPARING TO SURFACE: Members of the crew check course and depth before surfacing. The picture gives some impression of the many complex instruments and dials in the atomic submarine, which was carrying out an under-ice survey of the Polar region.

SURVEYING AN ICE-FIELD : The impressive picture shows the *Skate* almost hidden by ice when she surfaced in an opening in the pack-ice close to the North Pole. *On right*—Dr. E. C. Lafond (left) and Dr. W. Wittmann, the two leading scientists, compile notes on an ice-floe.

LADY CHURCHILL AT THE TIME OF HER MARRIAGE: Exactly fifty years ago yesterday, on September 12, 1908, Lady Churchill, then Miss Clementine Hozier, was married to Mr. (now Sir) Winston Churchill. She is the daughter of the late Sir Henry Hozier.

SIR WINSTON CHURCHILL AT THE TIME OF HIS MARRIAGE: In 1908, he had just become President of the Board of Trade at the age of thirty-three. In the background the Duke of Marlborough is depicted at Blenheim. Sir Winston is a grandson of the seventh Duke.

THE CHURCHILLS' GOLDEN WEDDING

The Fiftieth Anniversary of Their Marriage at St. Margaret's, Westminster, on September 12, 1908

ARRIVING FOR THE WEDDING: Winston Churchill leaves the cab outside St. Margaret's, Westminster, accompanied by his best man, Lord Hugh Cecil (later Baron Quickswood). They were closely associated as Hughlighans—a group of discontented Conservatives.

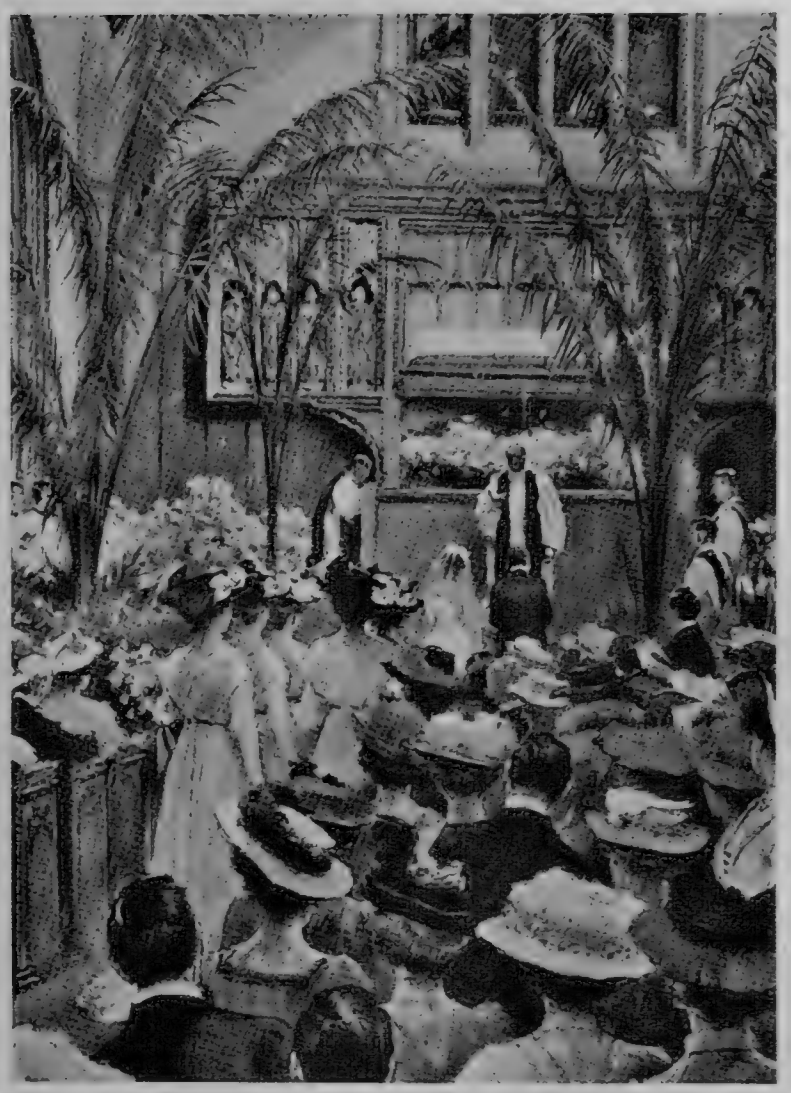
AFTER THE RECEPTION: Mrs. Winston Churchill, in her going-away dress, enters a hansom-cab. The reception was held at Lady St. Helier's house, in Portland Place, from which the couple departed to spend the first part of their honeymoon at Blenheim Palace.

On a sunny Saturday morning in September just fifty years ago, the marriage took place in St. Margaret's, Westminster, of the man who became the greatest English statesman of our time. By all accounts it was the wedding of the year, huge crowds lining the route and cameras clicking in many hands. An "unprecedented" number of wedding gifts were given and it is said that despite the lack of imagination displayed by the donors, Winston Churchill and his bride dismissed the suggestion that the many silver inkstands should be melted down to make one large silver tray. Since then Sir Winston has received innumerable honours and titles acknowledging his achievements and he has worn them with the respect and dignity of a great man. Sir Winston Churchill ended his book *My Early Life* with the words ". . . September 1908, when I married and lived happily ever after." Like so much else that he has written, time has borne out the truth of his words.

A golden wedding anniversary is a fit time to appreciate the length as well as the amount that Sir Winston has contributed not only to English politics through two world wars and the times of peace, but also to English life, in which he has become an enduring symbol. He towers as a colossus astride the first half of the twentieth century. Statesman, historian, essayist, orator, wit and artist, he is without equal in the brilliance and diversity of his talents. For so many years he has dedicated himself to the "service of the enduring greatness of Britain," a dedication first made while serving on the Indian Frontier and in the Nile Valley at the end of the last century.

At the time of his marriage to Miss Clementine Hozier, the daughter of Sir Henry and Lady Blanche Hozier, Winston Churchill was thirty-three, a surprisingly youthful-looking man, who was already the veteran of many campaigns in war and in politics. In 1908, he left the Colonial Office when Herbert Asquith offered him the post of President of the Board of Trade. This gave him Cabinet rank. Under the procedure then in force the appointment meant a by-election. He was defeated, but on the same day he was invited to stand for Dundee, where he won a success as resounding as his defeat. He remained at the Board of Trade for two years and among other measures was responsible for the creation of labour exchanges and the introduction of legislation to abolish sweated labour. Born on November 30, 1874, at Blenheim Palace, Winston Churchill is the grandson of the 7th Duke of Marlborough and the elder son of Lord Randolph Churchill and of Jennie, daughter of Leonard Jerome, of New York. Despite a heritage of aristocracy and power, Sir Winston, like William Pitt before him, is the "Great Commoner." His reputation must rest largely upon his conduct of unsought war. Although it might be possible for an onlooker, bewildered by his immense diversity, to say, as Philip Guedalla said of Hilaire Belloc, that there have been "too many of him," it could never be said that Britain has had too much of Sir Winston.

AT THE CEREMONY : *On left*—A distinguished guest was the Duchess of Marlborough, the first wife of the ninth Duke. *On right*—Accompanying the bride is her brother, Sub-Lieutenant Hozier, who gave her away. She was dressed in a white satin Venetian wedding gown.



INSIDE ST. MARGARET'S, WESTMINSTER : This drawing by Wal Paget from "The Sphere" of September 19, 1908, shows the church decorated, according to the wishes of the bride, with white flowers and branches, and palm leaves.

AFTER FIFTY YEARS OF MARRIED LIFE : Sir Winston and Lady Churchill leave the airport at Nice by car. Lady Churchill had just arrived on the French Riviera. Her husband was already staying at the Villa Cappoucina, at Cap d'Ail, as the guest of Lord Beaverbrook. For his holiday, Sir Winston chose the district where earlier this year he recovered from the attack of pneumonia and pleurisy, which had caused grave concern all over the world. They were expected to spend their golden wedding quietly in France.

The Sphere of Travel

CHANGES OF SCENE

Some Suggestions for Week-end Holidays at Home and Abroad During the Autumn

By GORDON COOPER

I AM an ardent week-ender, and during the last twelve months my "little holidays" away from home have taken me to Brighton, with its best of all possible air, and as far distant as the Lebanon. While the development of air travel makes it actually feasible to go far afield, there is, for most people, the question of cost to be considered. Long periods spent in the air tend to be, from my own experience, rather exhausting and often call for another holiday and rest to get over their effects. But there are week-ends to be spent in Britain, or by overland travel to nearby places abroad.

In the suggestions for week-end holidays, I must necessarily strike a personal note; that is, I will discuss only those places which appeal to me. In view of the time of year, I will not put forward ideas for haunts that are mainly attractive only in summer, such as Le Touquet with its golf. The keen golfer, in any case, usually knows just where to go.

No. 1 choice for a week-end abroad is Paris. By travelling "Off-Peak" by Skyways, the return fare can be as low as £7 19s., and the journey-time each way from city centre to city centre is just under six hours. With an early start you can reach Paris in good time for lunch—the best of all possible joys. I find, too, that the coach part of this form of travel, between Victoria Coach Station and Lympne Airport, and between Beauvais and the coach-air terminal in Paris, suggests the old coaching days, albeit with more physical comfort. It is also possible to fly to and from Paris by the regular commercial air services, such as those provided by B.E.A. and Air France.

I would like to suggest my own favourite means of getting to Paris: by overnight steamer between Southampton and Le Havre. Under the new winter timetable it means, however, a rather long week-end visit, for the night sailings run only on Mondays and Fridays, returning on Tuesdays and Saturdays. By this route you get a good night's sleep each way in a comfortable cabin, and once you have gone this way, I feel sure you will like it as much as I do. The first-class return fare between Waterloo and St. Lazare is £12 (£8 6s. second-class return), with a small extra charge for a berth. This price is considerably less than for travel by the Dover-Dunkirk Night Ferry, and the time taken is only an hour longer, while, in addition, the rail journey along the Seine Valley in the early morning is a joy in itself.

Other French week-end suggestions are to book by Skyways as far as Beauvais (from £7 4s. 6d. return) and then stay in that town, with its curious cathedral, a gigantic demi-church. It only possesses a choir (thirteenth century), but that choir makes it the highest Gothic church in the world. Its ridgepole is 223 ft. above the ground. In this church is a monumental astronomical clock which is full of gadgets, exceeding in complexity even the famous clocks of Besançon and Strasbourg. I consider, too, that Beauvais is an admirable base for some worthwhile excursions: to Compiègne, Pierrefonds, Chantilly and Senlis. While, not least, it has one specially recommended restaurant—Au Chateaubriant.

Although the Channel coast of France can be grim out of season, the ease of access to Calais, either by sea or the daily air services (Air Charter Ltd.; 2 hrs. 25 mins. from London; £6 17s. return fare), makes me suggest that there are some readers who might enjoy the exhilarating sands—six miles of them—at Wissant, reached by bus in 40 minutes from Calais. The pure air is superb, and there is pleasant accommodation at reasonable rates. Town life is within easy reach in the form of Calais or Boulogne, while there is some charming country inland in the region of Ardres. In short, Wissant is a friendly, unsophisticated, week-end ideal.

Further west, the traveller by the Southampton-Havre steamer service should consider a week-end in either Rouen or even Le Havre. Apart from some excellent places in which to eat, the former city, now fully restored from its serious war damage, contains many monuments. Outstanding is the Cathedral, a historic masterpiece, with its flamboyant exterior and contrasting simplicity of the interior. The beauty of the clustered shafts round the pillars, the elegance of the arcaded triforium, the general effect of lightness, even of those tremendous pillars that carry the weight of the great central tower, help to place Notre Dame of Rouen among the most beautiful churches of France. Incidentally, the original stained-glass windows have been replaced without loss or damage.

Among the other buildings in this old capital of Normandy are the churches of St.-Ouen (famed octagonal Crowned tower, impressive interior) and St.-Maclou (small and lovely), the Law Courts and the Beaux-Arts Museum, one of the best museums in France. It is pleasant just to wander through the streets of the Old Town, where so many buildings provide links with English history. There are some interesting excursions that can be made: along the Seine, with lovely views on all sides and its memorable villages; to Dieppe, an alternative port of approach to Le Havre and a quite pleasant place in which to spend a week-end, especially for artists; and into the lovely countryside of Normandy.

Although Le Havre is nothing like so pleasant a city as Rouen in which to stay, it presents a magnificent picture of French reconstruction. It also possesses some good hotels and restaurants. It is a good base for excursions: along a *corniche* coastal road up-Channel, past little fishing ports to emerge upon the plain which surrounds Fécamp, a port of importance. It is the fitting-out basin for the French fleet which sails to the banks of Newfoundland and the cold waters of Iceland to bring back cod. There 's many an old sailor there to tell the visitor that cod-fishing to-day is not what it was—grand stories of the old days.

NEW SHAPES IN FRANCE: The view of the harbour at Boulogne was taken last year when blocks of flats were rapidly taking shape along the quay. In the distance, between the two blocks on the left, is the dome of the Notre Dame Cathedral. Boulogne's fine modern harbour is one of the chief ports for traffic between England and France.

BY SEA AND AIR TO MADEIRA

Madeira, for so long a winter haven for British visitors, has, up to now, been served from this country by the *Venus* of the Bergen Line and the flying-boats belonging to Aquila Airways. Additionally, there was always the possibility of travelling out in a Union Castle steamer on its way to South Africa, but the return journey by the same route was always speculative.

On September 30 the Aquila flying-boat service ceases. Instead, Transportes Aéreos Portugueses, familiarly known as T.A.P., will operate (through a new company named ARTOP) a service from Lisbon to Funchal with Martin flying-boats. Although smaller than those used previously, these aircraft are said to be more suitable for landing at Madeira. There will be three services a week instead of two. Each will connect with a T.A.P. flight from London to Lisbon. Passengers will be accommodated in Lisbon for the overnight stay, hotel expenses being included in the fare. The cost of a tourist return ticket will be £89 8s. Other fares for limited stays in Madeira are under discussion. The journey will naturally take longer, but the overnight break in Lisbon may prove an additional attraction.

Passengers will leave London at three o'clock in the afternoon, arriving at Lisbon at 6.45 p.m. Departure is at 7 a.m. on the following day, with arrival at Funchal at 10 a.m. The return journey is similarly planned. Departure from Madeira is at twelve noon, arriving Lisbon at 5 p.m. On the next day the plane leaves Lisbon at 9.30 a.m., arriving in London at 1.15 p.m.

In addition to the *Venus*, which will maintain its usual run from Friday, December 19, 1958, to Friday, March 13, 1959, a new winter service to Madeira, starting on November 16, 1958, until April 12, 1959, is being provided from Southampton by the Greek Line's s.s. *New York*, 17,000 tons. Round trip rates vary according to accommodation from an inside room on A Deck for £75 to a suite on the verandah deck, consisting of a bedroom with two beds, sitting-room and bathroom for £160 per person. It is understood that more room than usual will be provided, since no more than half the ship's normal carrying capacity will be booked.

Travel agents who can reserve berths on this service have also access to hotel accommodation which is being specially held in Madeira for the Greek Line and can be booked at the same time. The voyage takes three-and-a-half days, three hours less than the time taken by the *Venus*. This winter there will be nine sailings by the *Venus* and seventeen sailings by the *New York*, an extension of facilities which, with the new air arrangements, should prove satisfactory. W.D.C.C.

It is not far from Le Havre to Lillebonne, with its remains of a Roman theatre and the ruins of a fortress while the scenery of the nearby Seine is attractive. Across the estuary of the Seine, there is western Normandy. But do not be disappointed, unless you have a good deal of imagination, if you wish to picture Henry V urging on his troops to assault the once-walled town of Harfleur, now only a port of a kind, for it is nowadays some distance from the sea. " Once more unto the breach, dear friends, once more," cried Henry (or Shakespeare for him), and the outer defences fell to the English. At this point, you remember, King Henry called on the Governor and citizens to surrender in a (Shakespearean) speech which throws a lurid light on the joys of warfare at that time . . . "waste and desolation . . . licentious wickedness . . . bloody murther, spoil and villany . . . shrill shrieking daughters . . . most reverend heads dash'd to the walls . . . native infants spitted upon pikes. . . ." (*Return to Normandy*, by Vivian Rowe.)

Farther west are the seaside resorts of Trouville and Deauville, rather dull out of season, Lisieux, with its pilgrims, and Caen for the Conqueror's trail. Even to-day, despite war damage, the latter is a massive Norman city, lightened by the quite un-Norman church of Saint-Pierre and the eleventh-century Abbaye-des-Hommes, where William was buried. His tomb was broken by the Huguenots in 1562 and the bones scattered. Caen is lightened as well by its cuisine, especially the tripe to which it gives its name, but never tastes better than in its original home. Nearby are more historical links, not least being Falaise, where William the Conqueror first saw the light of day.

Belgium is easily reached by air, including services by Air Charter to Ostend (£6 17s. return fare) and by Skyways to Antwerp. The small size of this country and the excellence of its train services enables the week-ender to reach almost any corner of the country with ease. The sea-coast will be a powerful magnet, notably Ostend and Knokke, both of which are quite gay out of season. Ostend, with its gambling casino, makes a special effort to cater for week-end visitors, and a recent jaunt there proved to me that it can be a most entertaining centre. Within easy reach are Bruges, Ghent, and even Brussels. Bruges is a city which never ceases to fascinate me, for more than any other place in Belgium it offers the most enchanting corners where one can pause and " invite one's soul " and revisit St. John's Hospital and its Memlinc Museum, the lovely Béguinage, the famous Lac d'Amour and adjoining Minnewater, the Church of Notre Dame, with its superb Madonna and Child by Michelangelo, and the Flemish Museum, with its wonderful pictures. I am quite happy, too, in Ghent, with its many art interests, not least being the superb " tower-view " from St. Michael's Bridge, where I can sit happily by the hour. It is one of the most enchanting scenes in all Europe. Nor do I think Brussels is a city which will disappoint the short-time visitor, for it offers endless opportunities for sauntering, with cafés everywhere to provide refreshment. Nowhere else in Europe, can you eat better, say at the inconspicuous Restaurant L'Epaule de Mouton, in the Rue des Harengs (close to the Grand'Place, as lovely a main square as any in the world), where even Lucullus himself could hardly fail to be pleased. From Brussels, Waterloo, Louvain, Malines and Lierre can be reached easily.

For those contemplating a short visit to Holland, there is the choice of various air services (Morton Air Services, Air Charter, London to Rotterdam, Channel Airways, London to Rotterdam, and B.E.A. and K.L.M. to Amsterdam). As a sea-lover, I also like the night service between Harwich and the Hook of Holland (£11 10s. 6d. return, first-class, plus charge for berth)—my favourite cross-Channel route—while there is also a pleasant day-service by Dutch steamers. These journeys alone offer an attractive part of a short holiday.

From the Hook the whole of Holland is within easy reach. If, like me, you are content to stay in a comfortable hotel and watch the big ships float by, then I can recommend either the Strand Hotel at Flushing or the Delta Hotel at Vlaardingen, near Rotterdam. The latter is actually built over the waters of the Scheldt, and the ships passing along this estuary provide a fascinating sight especially after dark.

I must warn intending visitors to Holland that the Sundays there are on a par with Galashiels! The only spot where there is some life is the curious town of Baarle-Nassau—a Belgian enclave. But I would hardly recommend a stay in this strange political jig-saw puzzle, where Belgians and Dutch have lived happily together, for over 500 years, each retaining their own nationalities. In this jungle of contradictions, the inhabitants have no wish to change their unique status, if only because in this unique corner of Europe there is so much that can be winked at. Finally, for the oyster-gourmet, let me recommend Goes, where at the Hotel Korenbeurs you will eat as well as anywhere in Europe. This little town is also a good base for some pleasant excursions: to Middelburg, Veere, and the island of Schouwen. Keep in mind that the minor art cities of Holland, such as Delft and Leyden, each offer considerable appeal.

SOME RECOMMENDED HOTELS

Beauvais	BEAUVAISIS
Le Havre	NORMANDIE
Rouen	POSTE
Dieppe	AUBERGE SOLE DIEPPOISE
Wissant	MARIS STELLA
Ostend	WELLINGTON
Bruges	DU SABLON
Ghent	COUR ST.-GEORGES
Goes	KORENBEURS
Flushing	STRAND
Rotterdam (Vlaardingen)	DELTA

FOR FURTHER INFORMATION

French National Tourist Office, 178, *Piccadilly*, *London*, *W.*1.
Belgian National Tourist Office, 167, *Regent Street*, *W.*1.
Netherlands Tourist Office, 38, *Hyde Park Gate*, *S.W.*7.

A VISIT TO BRUSSELS FOR THE GREAT EXHIBITION

The Brussels Universal and International Exhibition does not close until October 19. Special air-coach excursions have been organised by Terminal Travel Ltd. (92, Buckingham Palace Road, London, S.W.1). The three-day itinerary leaves Southend Airport, daily, for Ostend, where two nights are spent in comfort at one of the better hotels.

On the second day, there is a journey by coach to the Exhibition, where the entire day can be spent visiting the pavilions. On the third day, Ostend is left after breakfast, arriving back in London before mid-day. The all-in price is £12 19s. (£13 14s. for departures Friday to Monday). As the crowds should now be fewer and the weather cooler, this opportunity to visit the Exhibition seems admirable.

DISCOVERING THE DELIGHTS OF RURAL ENGLAND

Whenever planning to spend a week-end in England, not too far away from London, I consult the list of Trust Houses, for I have yet to find one of these excellent hostelries which fails to please. While the fourteenth-century Swan, in Lavenham, remains my favourite haunt, a close second is the Fleece (*on left*), in Cirencester, where I recently lodged most satisfactorily. This typical Cotswold town, where stands one of the most magnificent parish churches in England, is a delightful and restful spot in which to linger. A walk along the magnificent and noble avenue in Cirencester Park is very rewarding. Cirencester is a good base for Cotswold excursions — to Gloucester, Burford and Bibury.

Another recommendation is the Manor House Hotel (*above*) at North Bovey, near Moretonhampstead, in Devon. This luxurious place belongs to British Railways. It offers visitors the use of an 18-hole golf course, squash, billiards, and trout and salmon fishing in private waters. The hotel itself is most comfortable and the cuisine excellent. The management offer special week-end terms at an inclusive charge. This all-in tariff comprises: first-class rail travel to and from Exeter (10¼ gns. from London, 9 gns. from Bristol, with charges from other stations on request), a car to and from the hotel, residence and all meals from dinner on Friday to breakfast on Monday, and green fees. This is a real travel bargain.

Finally, for those who want to relax beside the sea, the Imperial at Torquay, the Royal Albion (Trust House) at Broadstairs, and the Royal at Deal can all be recommended.

ADDRESSING THE MEETING: Mr. Tom Yates (standing, centre), the President of the Trades Union Congress, addresses the ninetieth annual Congress, which opened last week at Bournemouth. In the front row are, left to right, Mrs. Godwin, Mr. R. Willis, Sir Tom O'Brien, Dame Florence Hancock, Sir Thomas Williamson, Mr. Yates, Sir Vincent Tewson (General Secretary), Mr. G. Woodcock (Assistant General Secretary), Mr. V. Feather, Sir Alfred Roberts and Mr. W. Beard.

T.U.C. IN CONCLAVE

The Ninetieth Annual Congress Opens at Bournemouth

In his presidential address at the opening of the Trades Union Congress at Bournemouth, Mr. Tom Yates discussed the damage caused to the Trade Union Movement by large unofficial strikes. "Only the movement itself," he continued, "could tackle unofficial stoppages and discipline those trade unionists—Communists and self-styled Militants—who were bad shipmates." He went on to attack the present Government for not providing in recent months a climate in which collective bargaining could function efficiently. On the second day a brief debate on the recent bus strike in London was ended by Mr. Frank Cousins, who urged that there should be no inquest. Later, a motion was heavily defeated asking the Council to consider a national policy to protect the unions. It demanded that consideration be given towards establishing a fighting fund. Contributions would be made by a levy on members of affiliated unions. A statement on the outburst of race riots in Britain was drafted by the Genera Council. During the opening days it seemed that the Congress as a whole was awaiting the main wage debate, which took place later in the week.

UNION PRESIDENTS: Mr. Frank Foulkes (left), Electrical Trades Union, and Mr. W. Carron, Amalgamated Engineering Union, talk together. *On left*—Mr. W. Padley (Union of Shop, Distributive and Allied Workers) asks about the replacement of Mr. L. Cannon (E.T.U.) by another delegate. It was ruled that in this matter unions possessed autonomy.

AT THE MICROPHONE: Mr. Arthur Horner, the Secretary of the over-600,000-strong National Union of Mineworkers, addresses the session on the second day. Reports showed that the Congress opened on a quiet note.

THE OLDEST DELEGATE: Mr. J. Wigglesworth makes a point while addressing the conference on the second day. He was delegate of the Iron, Steel and Metal Dressers' Trade Society, and is eighty-three years old.

A REPLACED DELEGATE: Mr. L. Cannon reads a newspaper seated at a café in Bournemouth with his wife and son. He alleged that Communist members of the E.T.U., of which he is a member, ran a campaign to deprive him of his rights. He was replaced at the Congress by Mr. W. P. Blair.

HOT OR COLD — BY INSULATION

By "THE SPHERE" INDUSTRIAL CORRESPONDENT

FROM the beginning of next year it will be unlawful to build any factory in Britain that is not thermally insulated to standards set by the Ministry of Power: an industrialist who does, will not be committing any criminal offence, but he can simply be ordered to pull his factory down again. That is the effect of the Thermal Insulation Act which became law last year, a private measure introduced by that forceful back-bench expert on fuel and power, Mr. Gerald Nabarro. Its aim, quite simply, was to stop fuel being wasted. It was enacted following a period of extreme fuel shortage, with oil imports going up fast and coal having to be imported from the United States. To-day there is a glut of coal; but that does not alter the fact that fuel efficiency is well worth while.

Heating a factory properly without insulating it has been compared to taking a hot-water-bottle to bed and then forgetting any bedclothes: half the heat that is generated may be dissipated through the walls and the roof. Nationally, it is expected that the new measure may save 150,000-200,000 tons of coal in heating the new factories put up each year. That would be a saving on industry's fuel bills of perhaps a million pounds a year; it is generally reckoned that one recovers the cost of putting in insulation in three or four years' savings on heating costs. Yet until this Act became law not much more than a tenth of all the factory space built each year was properly insulated. The traditions of cheap coal and not bothering about minor matters like heating die hard in this country.

But insulating a factory to reduce heat losses is not quite as simple as it has appeared to some architects in the past: materials have to be chosen rather carefully, because some that keep the heat in very well are also liable, if a fire occurs, to spread flame very well, too. In the Jaguar fire of early 1957, which so severely affected production of one of Britain's outstanding marques of cars, the flames moved along a roof of bitumen-coated metal sheeting "underdrawn" with soft fibreboard as fast as a man could walk: the insurance companies' Fire Protection Association considered the event of sufficient importance to put out a special bulletin warning industrialists of the fire hazard involved in the speed at which flame moves across soft fibreboard. The Jaguar plant was a wartime factory leased to the company by the Ministry of Supply: at the time it was built in 1939 it may well have been considered a good job from the point of view of heat insulation.

In the regulations that the Ministry of Power has made under the new Act, therefore, not only insulating properties but combustibility are specified for acceptable insulating materials. There is a fairly wide range of acceptable materials: but in particular the companies in this country that manufacture asbestos products are confidently expecting that the new requirements should give their business a fillip. For the two outstanding properties that make asbestos useful—and for many jobs virtually irreplaceable—are precisely what the new Act will require: insulation and incombustibility.

Asbestos is indeed a most peculiar material—or group of materials: a natural fibre that happens to be a mineral occurring in rock. It can be spun into textiles much as animal and vegetable fibres, wool and cotton, for example, can; on the other hand, when compressed into a solid it has the resistance of granite. Chemically, the different varieties of asbestos are a group of magnesium or iron silicates, found in veins within mother rock, with their fibres ranged more or less perpendicularly across the vein.

The fibres are actually elongated crystals; some are so fine that they can be separated more or less indefinitely. The fibres vary in length from an eighth of an inch up to several inches in length; ordinarily, a separated fibre is about a hundred times as fine as cotton fibre. One has to mine or quarry 50-100 tons of rock to obtain a ton of asbestos and the world uses about a million tons a year. The largest source is Canada, from which most of the white asbestos, chrysotile, is obtained; blue asbestos, crocidolite, and brown asbestos, amosite, are mined in the Cape Province and Griqualand West, in South Africa. The U.S.A. is the largest user of asbestos in the world: but as it happens, practically all the major deposits are in the British Commonwealth.

The insulating qualities of asbestos, which are none too well explainable scientifically but appear to be connected with the springiness of the fibre and its consequent ability to hold large quantities of air, seem to have been known several centuries before Christ; references to it crop up throughout history. The properties of cloths made from it were known—if somewhat inaccurately described. The name "asbestos" is about as complete a misnomer as one could choose. It means unquenchable, impossible to put out when set alight, which is not only untrue but so exactly the opposite of what the material is bought for as to stand any classically-educated advertising agent's hair on end. The alternative name, "amianthus," is rather better, since it can be taken to mean "unburnable": originally, however, it seems to have meant "unstainable," and to have referred to tales of asbestos cloth that when thrown on to a fire came out unmarked and whiter than ever. As any housewife who has ever looked at the underside of the asbestos mat she puts over a gas ring can testify, that definition, too, is a shade optimistic.

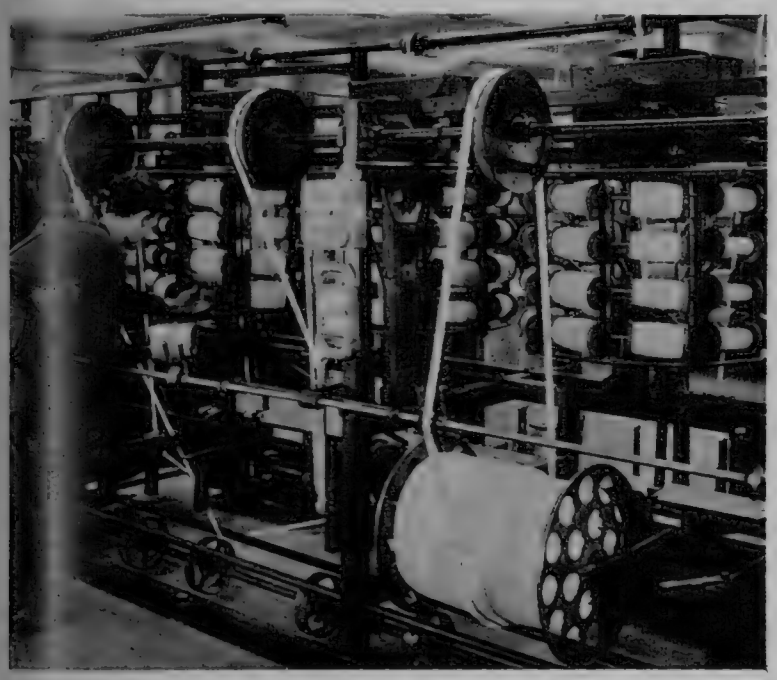
Terminology apart, there is no question about the heat and fire resistance of the material: and its emergence as a vital industrial material has really occurred since man began to make heat and combustion work for him, beginning with the age of steam. Italy pioneered in the manufacture of asbestos textiles and packing in the early nineteenth century; with the discovery of the vast Canadian deposits and later of the blue asbestos deposits in South Africa, the emphasis shifted to the British Empire.

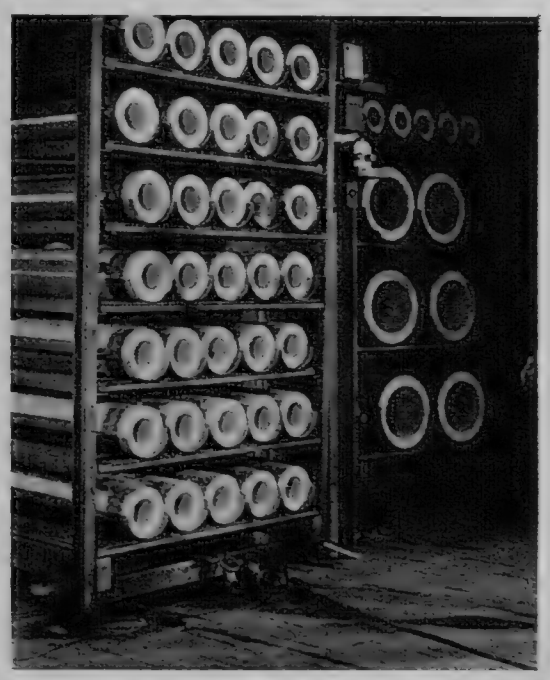
When used purely for its heat and fire-resistant qualities, asbestos in one form or another goes into almost every industrial product that develops, uses, or transmits heat and power. Most forms of boiler and steam pipe that need lagging use asbestos insulation (made specially or available in standard pipe sections or "mattresses"). It is used for the fireproof bulkheads inside ships; special qualities, of exceptional strength, are now used as a structural material for furnaces and ovens. One of the uses for which it is practically irreplaceable, and required in very large quantities, is to make brake linings and clutch facings for cars and other kinds of power transmission along a shaft. No other material combines the same resistance to wear and to the heat generated by friction.

In building, asbestos is also used as a structural material. As insulating and building board, where the product is largely asbestos combined simply with a resin to hold it together, its heat-resistant qualities—plus excellent insulation against noise—are as strong as ever. But very considerable tonnages are used in asbestos-cement products—corrugated sheeting, roofing material, curtain walling, and cladding for structural steel—where insulation and fire resistance may be a secondary consideration, and high strength is obtained by using the asbestos as a form of reinforcement for cement. These products contain less asbestos than the others, though they possess quite impressive resistance to fire. Pipes made of asbestos-cement or of asbestos-pitch are used for flues, water supply pipes, for drain and sewer pipes and for cable conduits. Of late, the spraying of asbestos directly on to steel beams or reinforced concrete buildings has provided another application: even a layer of about an inch thick can vastly improve the resistance of such structures to fire.

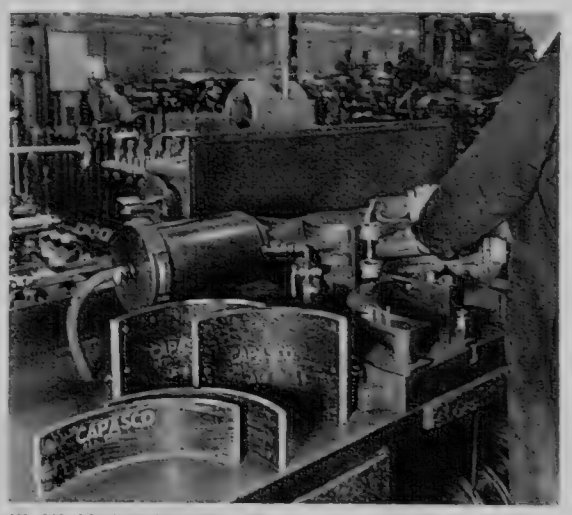
Asbestos is not the only insulating material, nor the best in every application: in refrigerators, for example, glasswool is almost always used. Glasswool, and, more recently, rockwool from such rocks as dolomite, have recently been giving asbestos a good deal of competition in applications where insulation pure and simple, without any structural properties, is required. But most of the British companies—the Turner and Newall group being outstandingly the largest, with Cape Asbestos specialising on blue asbestos and amosite—now offer products combining the qualities of both: for example, double-skinned asbestos sheeting sandwiching a layer of glass or rockwool in between.

This widening range of products is still extending the use of asbestos materials in the sphere of building—along with the development of paints to improve its appearance. Its use in building, too, is likely to be extended by the growing concern of British people—at home as well as in the factory—with higher standards of heating. Mr. Nabarro has introduced another Thermal Insulation Bill to lay down standards for the building of new houses; and many householders, without benefit of legislation, are now being forced by the very size of their fuel bills to consider how they can contrive to lose less of the heat they pay for.





MANUFACTURING INSULATION MATERIALS: *Left*—Asbestos yarn is being braided and twisted at the factory of the Cape Asbestos Co., Ltd., at Acre Mill, Hebden Bridge, in Yorkshire. *Right*—A trolley-load of amosite asbestos pipe sections for thermal insulations is hauled from the oven after baking at the Company's factory at Barking, Essex. They will help to conserve heat in generating stations, factories, oil refineries and ships.



IN AN ASSEMBLY SHOP: The machinist is operating the compressed-air riveting machine to rivet Capasco linings to brake shoes in the Brake Shoe Assembly section at the Farington works of Leyland Motors.

PROGRESS IN INDUSTRY AND ENGINEERING—*A Weekly Survey of Achievement in Britain and Overseas*

BRIDGING IN AMERICA

America has long had the reputation of having the biggest and fastest flow of traffic in the world. To accommodate this ever-increasing volume, new roads are constantly being built. One new building project taking shape is in Socorro County, New Mexico, where dual-lane highway bridges are being erected as part of the Federal Interstate programme. The bridges are constructed with prestressed, pretensioned Amdek beams. These are available in lengths of up to 100 ft., which enable construction time to be reduced considerably. Precast Amdek is easily laid in any weather and once in position requires no maintenance for many years.

On left—

FOR BRITAIN'S NUCLEAR POWER PLANT

Workmen direct the lowering of part of one of the 83MW low-pressure turbines which Metropolitan-Vickers Electrical Co., Ltd., are manufacturing for the A.E.I.-John Thompson Nuclear Energy Company which is building an atomic power station at Berkeley, in Gloucestershire, for the Central Electricity Generating Board. The plant will consist of two natural uranium CO_2 gas-cooled, graphite moderated reactors supplying heat to sixteen boiler units, eight boilers being associated with each reactor and grouped round it to form a complete unit. Steam from the boilers will be used to drive four dual-pressure turbo-generators of rather more than 80,000 kilowatts capacity. In the reactors the fuel elements will be uranium rods sheathed in magnesium alloy. The heat produced will be transferred to the boilers. The control of the station will be from one central control room. From there it will be possible to monitor the whole plant and make all the essential adjustments necessary for the smooth and efficient operation of the vast nuclear power station

MODERNISATION ON THE SOUTHERN REGION OF BRITISH RAILWAYS

The two pictures above are of the exterior and interior of the electric locomotive running shed at Stewart's Lane, Battersea, which has been constructed six weeks ahead of schedule by Holloway Brothers (London) Limited as part of the modernisation and electrification of the Kent coast service of the Southern Region of British Railways. This Region, in common with other Regions, is playing an important part in the vast modernisation programme undertaken by the British Transport Commission, and when the project to electrify the section of the line serving Kent coast towns has been completed, all steam trains serving that part of the country will be replaced. With the new equipment and rolling stock will come electric locomotives. These will be housed in the depot at Stewart's Lane, where much work has already been carried out in track-laying and the erection of servicing and inspection sheds. The running shed is a steel-framed building 360 ft. long and 66 ft. wide. The floor is formed of reinforced concrete slab with a granolithic finish. There are three tracks in the higher part of the building, two of which extend through to the lower section. All are built over inspection pits 4 ft. deep. A large pit has been constructed to house a wheel lathe. The American design, manufactured in Britain under licence, is used for truing-up wheels of rolling-stock.

THE R.A.F. CHURCH

The Restoration of St. Clement Danes Church in the Strand Nears Completion

This historic church in London is to be rededicated in the presence of the Queen and the Duke of Edinburgh on Sunday, October 19. It has been restored after extensive war damage and is to serve as the Central Church of the Royal Air Force. The bulk of the restoration work inside the church has now been finished.

In the tower the famous "Oranges and Lemons" bells, which have been recast from those of the old building, are ready to ring out the tune of the nursery rhyme as well as the Royal Air Force march and an Easter hymn. As the church will be used for special services particular attention has been paid to the seating arrangements. As well as the pews on the ground floor there are galleries for members of the congregation along the two sides of the church and at the West End. Pews in the body of the church are telescopic so that they can be drawn out across the wide central aisle to provide additional seating to a maximum of about 800.

"ORANGES AND LEMONS": The bells are made ready to ring out the famous tune. They have been recast from those of the old church. One has been named in honour of Lord Trenchard.

COMMEMORATING "THE FATHER OF THE ROYAL AIR FORCE": The signwriter is working on the crest of the late Viscount Trenchard. It has been mounted over a doorway of St. Clement Danes.

PUTTING THE FINISHING TOUCHES TO THE ALTAR RAIL: Mr. Frank Simpson (right) and a student from Mauritius apply gold leaf to the curved rail at the entry to the Sanctuary.

INSIDE THE NEWLY RESTORED CHURCH WITH ITS ORNATE PLASTER WORK: The East End and (*on left*) the West End of the church, which is to be rededicated next month. Dominating the west wall is the oak and gilt organ case. When these pictures were taken the workmen were nearing the end of their long task.

A LAUNCHING PAD: From this area is launched the Thor ballistic missile at the United States missile test centre at Cape Canaveral, in Florida. The picture was taken from the service gantry. From this site the U.S. Army and Air Force have launched many missiles, as well as the satellites and the abortive moon rocket.

IN THE MISSILE TEST CENTRE: Liquid oxygen tank trailers are lined up in readiness at the liquid oxygen plant at Cape Canaveral. American ballistic missiles, such as the intermediate-range Thor and Jupiter, have liquid propellent motors, although the present trend in new design is towards solid fuel propellents. The Thor uses a mixture of liquid oxygen and kerosene.

AT CAPE CANAVERAL

The Testing Centre in Florida of American Ballistic Missile Programmes

In this lonely spot in Florida, crowds gather whenever rumour goes round that another missile is about to be launched. Already at Cape Canaveral history has been made and spectators hope that they may witness one more achievement in an age symbolised by the towering missiles and gantries, and squat buildings at Cape Canaveral. From this site both the U.S. Army and Air Force fire various ballistic missiles during extensive testing programmes. For instance, six successful intermediate-range Jupiters had been fired by the end of August. It is this rocket which formed the first stage of the U.S. Army's composite rocket, which it was expected would be used in an attempt to reach the vicinity of the moon some time this month. From Cape Canaveral was fired the Air Force's attempt to encircle the moon in August. The first stage of this composite rocket was the Thor, a ballistic missile which has undergone an intensive programme at the site in Florida.

Four satellites have been put into orbit from Cape Canaveral; two of them, Explorer I and Vanguard I, were still circling the earth at the end of August. Another attempt, using a four-stage Jupiter C rocket, ended in failure when the satellite disappeared. Significant of the many different testing programmes being carried on simultaneously were reports of successful firings of such diverse weapons as a fully-powered Atlas intercontinental ballistic missile and a Snark pilotless aircraft.

On left—

A CONTROL BUILDING: The radar screen and antennæ on the roof track the flight of missiles and transmit data to a centre in the building itself. It is the central control of the U.S. Army's Redstone Arsenal Missile Firing Laboratory.

THE THOR "WET BUCKET": The pool holds thousands of gallons of water which cool down the area heated by the exhaust flames from a Thor missile as it rises from the launching pad. A Thor I.R.B.M. was used as the first stage of the moon rocket which prematurely disintegrated last month. The failure was attributed to a ruptured fuel line.

AT CAPE CANAVERAL: A gantry crane, part of the equipment of the Redstone missile arsenal, is used for the vertical launching of guided missiles. It is in position on the launching site.

INSIDE THE BLOCKHOUSE: Technicians sit in the control centre used in the Convair Atlas Intercontinental Ballistic Missile programme. Because the building is so near to the Atlas's launching pad, it is constructed to give maximum protection. Its walls are 10 ft. thick and its reinforced concrete dome is covered by a 10-ft.-deep layer of sand.

The World of Books

WARRING IDEOLOGIES

Three Books on Expressions of Thought—Human, Political and Intellectual; and Recent Novels with Varied Backgrounds Throughout the World

THE first three books of this week's wonderfully varied list represent three ideologies, three expressions of thought whether political, intellectual or simply and strongly human. TO LIVE AND TO KILL (Jarrolds. 18s.) is, for example, a story of bitterness and violence, told by Mr. Stefan Gazel, who survived a childhood and a youth of such constant hardship and danger that it is more than amazing that he lived to fight on our side with the Free Polish Forces in the last war. He was only a tiny child when his family, who had lived in the south of Poland for generations, was forced to flee from their home which was destroyed by the Russians in the First World War. His father had been forcibly conscripted into their army and it was with his indomitable mother and his young brother and sister that he roamed east and west for the years of that war, always on the verge of starvation and always between the nutcracker jaws of the German and Russian forces. That the little group managed to exist at all is nearly incredible. Their adventures were hideous and their effect on childish minds terrible to contemplate.

After a brief interlude in America, Stefan Gazel was back in his native country to train as a soldier (he already had some experience as a sailor) and to take part in that first tragic phase of the German invasion of his land. After further adventures—and the exercise of that initiative which had kept him alive—he arrived in England to fight with us and to remain here, married to an English wife after a wartime of service in the Navy. To survive, he has killed, as he writes, possibly a score of times, in a hatred for Germans and Russians which has always been a part of his life. "I have been asked whether, given the same situations and circumstances, I would kill again, and my reply was yes. Arguments have failed to erase the hatred from my feelings. Hatred burns deep and its scars remain. . . ."

There could scarcely be a wider divergence of life, of experience, of status or of career than that between the author of the last book and the subject of the next, for this is a serious study, documented in so far as these things may be, of the social and political ideas of Franklin Delano Roosevelt and it is called, with an almost hair-raising self-confidence, WHAT ROOSEVELT THOUGHT (Angus and Robertson. 35s.). Professor Thomas H. Greer, of the Michigan State University, has brought a meticulous scholarship and a tireless devotion to research to this important work. It is by no means the definitive book on Roosevelt's policies or on his highly individual mind and decisions. It could scarcely be that, even if it were far more objective than it is. Such uncompromising statements as the following indeed detract from Professor Greer's authority. Sensibly enough he writes that "the sense of loss when Roosevelt died was global," and then adds that "he was the only statesman of his time (indeed, of history) who was, literally, a *world* leader." The italics are his: the right to disagree and to cite the name of Winston S. Churchill is mine—and probably many other readers'! But the book has enough that is stimulating, new and personal about it to make it exceptionally interesting, and Professor Greer's warm partisanship will appear to many as a likeable quality.

Another American scholar, Mr. Holmes Welch, has written a volume on Lao Tzu and the Taoist movement, THE PARTING OF THE WAY (Methuen. 21s.) which, as it defines Taoism, is a necessary step in the understanding of China and Chinese thought. Mr. Welch has part of a lifetime of philosophical study behind him and a welcome wit and clarity of expression to bring to the present book. He states his own purposes simply enough and it would be difficult to improve on his words. "The study," he writes, "is divided into four parts. The first explains a fact which some translators have concealed from their readers: that neither they nor anyone else can be sure what Lao Tzu was talking about. Part Two explains what *I* think he was talking about. Part Three takes up the vast and curious movement which claimed him as its founder. Part Four tests his teachings on the problems of to-day."

It is that fourth part that may be the most effective in the book since, as one must agree with him, if there is nothing in a philosophy which helps us to cope with life, we may as well return it to the academic morgue. There is nothing that is moribund about Mr. Welch's book, but even to the most amateur of sinologists (these terms seem to be catching) a great deal that is stimulating, penetrating and, on occasions, wonderfully disarming.

Everybody knows that Paris is the place where good Americans go when they die, and some people also know that it is a city in which several million people lead industrious and unremarkable lives. For the purposes of Mr. George Goodman's diverting novel, A TIME FOR PARIS (Michael Joseph. 15s.), it is the hub of the universe for the lover or the sentimental explorer. There are so few works of current fiction that are entertaining, frivolous and mildly instructive at the same time that I really would like to recommend this one to you. It is the story of a young American woman who comes to Paris for a year with the permission of her singularly understanding parents, to find out partly What Life Is All About and, partly, how well she can adjust herself to that life after she has got it sorted out. The young American diplomat, who crosses in the same ship, and is the narrator of some of Sally's exploits, is a charming and long-suffering fellow and I don't propose to reveal whether he gets his girl or not. But in the long and lively interval between sailing out of New York and flying back again, there is a funny and very acute recital of goings-on, mostly in Paris, but occasionally, and quite as comically, in London, Oxford or the poor, pilloried old country house party in both countries.

A FAMOUS NOVELIST ON HOLIDAY IN GREECE: Agatha Christie is seen with her husband, Sir Max Mallowan, the archæologist, near a pillar of the Parthenon, on the Acropolis, in Greece. She had arrived in Athens after a fifteen-day cruise, and less than two hours after setting foot in the capital was sightseeing on the Acropolis. The novelist began her holiday shortly after the opening in the West End of London of her latest thriller, *The Unexpected Guest*.

RAGE ON THE BAR (Alvin Redman. 15s.) is neither so polished nor so engaging but it certainly is informative. Mr. Geoffrey Wagner has written about a Caribbean island and about a fairly young officer of the Regular Army who goes out to it, not long after the war, as A.D.C. to the Governor. He finds the climate as hot and as lush as he had expected, but the unrest not confined to the native population since there are plenty of feuds, social, amorous and political, between the white inhabitants and a need for adjustment that would not only test Sally, of the last paragraph, but any moderately acrobatic chameleon. After one or two brutal episodes, described in appropriately stark terms, the reader may reflect that if this is an island paradise, he will settle for Frinton. Powerful is the kind of adjective often used to describe a story of this kind, and so it is, in the sense that bulldozers have power.

There is an ebullience about Welsh fiction that sometimes threatens to overwhelm the non-Celtic reader—a kind of spate of emotion that includes loves, jealousies, business deals and the intricacies of domestic life. DOCTOR TONRONDO (Chapman and Hall. 16s.) is an example of the novel I mean. It is a fast-moving, restless and, on the whole, undisciplined account of the life of a promising young man from Wales, who chooses the medical profession, marries a beautiful nurse, discovers that her temperament is frigid and spends the rest of his life trying to equate this personal tragedy with a personal content. Mr. Owen Guinness writes of the situation with irony, but farce, rather than cheerfulness, keeps breaking in, and the result is a not entirely satisfactory blend of the comic and the tragic.

DOCTOR ZHIVAGO (Collins and Harvill. 21s.) is the work of a major Russian writer, Mr. Boris Pasternak. This monumental novel, covering fifty years of Russian life, has not yet been published in the country of its origin and is here translated by Max Hayward and Manya Harari. They write modestly of their ability to do justice to the original. This book, which has been compared, perhaps inevitably, with *War and Peace*, reads simply, strongly and poetically in their version. The hero, for the book is on a scale which makes such a term possible, is a man of letters as well as a doctor of medicine, a little older than our century and a being through whose loves and longings the whole fabric of life in revolutionary Russia is apprehended. The book is extremely long, it is moving, absorbing and often exciting, and one of the most important things to remember about its author is that, whatever the impact of this tremendous book, he remains a Communist and not one who disapproves of the present régime in his country. Pasternak himself has said, however, that the time of revolution is past, that the proclamations and tumult are over and that now something else is growing, something new. "It is growing imperceptibly, as the grass grows. And it is growing in the young. A new freedom is being born."

DISCOURSE WITH SHADOWS (Gollancz. 13s. 6d.) has Frankfurt just after the end of the Second World War as its scene and a cast of five principal characters, four of whom are survivors of a Nazi concentration camp and the other a German who has returned to his home town after more than ten years in England, to look for a relation. Miss J. E. Malcolm, whose first novel this is, has herself served with the Allied Commission for Austria and with the H.Q. of the American Forces in Europe. What no administrative

AIRCRAFT ACCIDENTS

Ways and Means of Checking Their Source

The reasons for a road or a rail accident can usually be fairly quickly ascertained without much difficulty. Establishing the causes of an air disaster often requires a much longer and more complex investigation. In PLANE CRASH, by Clayton and K. S. Knight (Elek. 18s.), the authors point out that the three main reasons for air accidents are weather difficulties, structural failure and human error. They quote numerous examples to show how often one of these factors or a combination of them has been the explanation of some particular accident. Fascinating stories are related of exhaustive detection of which the starting point may be a small scrap of metal or the uncertain evidence of a single lay witness. Not all crashes can be thus categorised. Some have never been explained and others have been deliberately caused. In Canada a man hid a bomb in an airliner carrying twenty-six people, among them his wife. The plane blew up in mid-air and all were killed. Brilliant detective work brought the criminal to justice. Three years ago an airliner with forty-four on board exploded after taking off from Denver, Colorado. Again there were no survivors. The saboteur was a young man who had hoped to collect the insurance on the life of one of the passengers—his mother. Messrs. Knight deal with their subject efficiently and well and are at pains to remind nervous readers of the great precautions taken to ensure the safety of any aircraft before it takes off and while it is in flight.

It is impossible in a brief space to do justice to MICHAEL COLLINS, by Rex Taylor (Hutchinson. 25s.). Mr. Taylor has spent nine years in the writing of this biography and has collected a wonderful amount of hitherto unpublished information about the Irish troubles from 1900 to 1922. "The Big Fellow" is still a legend in Eire, but at long last myth has been most carefully sorted from fact. Collins was young, good-looking, possessed of a ruthless energy and for a time held the destiny of Ireland in his hands. The older generations will re-live the past in this book. Those born in the last two or three decades should be compelled to read it, so that they can learn that civil and inter-communal strife and political stupidity are a recurring pattern in some parts of the British Commonwealth. Not the least of Mr. Taylor's virtues is his fairness to all concerned in the Irish tragedy. He even manages to make Henry Wilson appear comparatively decent—a unique achievement. In style he has one blemish—his frequent use of that abomination, the verb "commence." None the less *Michael Collins* must be read.

Another volume dealing with an even more contemporary political theme is THE GOLDEN TREE, by Judith Listowel (Odhams. 21s.). The authoress, who was born in Hungary, tells the story of her family and their friends from the days of the Old Empire, through the uneasy Horthy Regency to the German occupation and the Communist domination. The central character is her brother, who with his wife and son eventually found freedom. This is a moving and sincere book which should also be widely read.

A history of the world in a single volume, however large, is an ambitious project. John Bowle, of the College of Europe, at Bruges, has edited a well-produced and unusually well-illustrated book of 500 pages under the title

NO POSSIBLE DOUBT WHATEVER

A superb production is no exaggerated claim for an album of photographs and coloured reproductions, depicting every detail of the Queen's family life and functions in many lands, the chief glories of the Monarchy, the signatures of such monarchs as exist and portraits of earlier queens of England. Such an album has been prepared by Messrs. Tatlock Miller and Loudon Saint-Hill, UNDOUBTED QUEEN (Hutchinson. 63s.), and the price asked seems justified by the cost of production.

Perhaps this album economises too much in the written word. For all but experts in book illustration, it is difficult to review. I should have welcomed some clues to the signatures of some of our earliest monarchs before Edward VI. I had an idea that the late Lord Mersey possessed an even fuller collection which he offered on terms to the House of Lords. But what a lot photographs can tell without the aid of words! We see the Queen in as many moods as styles of dress—smiling, triumphant, apprehensive and humble, relaxed and tense, sad and gay, but always younger than her years. We see, too, the effect of modern dress fashions on women's looks. Queen Victoria in her wedding gown of 1840 might well stand for a modern grandmother, and the same might be said of Queen Alexandra in the early years of marriage.

The reproductions of details of Cipriani's State coach, built for George III, call for the written word on its provenance. But no words are needed to make more touching the Royal personages, adults or children, decked up in the robes and crowns and jewels of ceremony which set them apart from us as a dedicated family, but never hide the truth that they are men, women and children of like passions with ourselves.

This album convinces me that (whatever the ladies may believe) a plethora of jewellery is not always an enhancement of natural beauty.

Undoubtedly, a superb production, an album with a difference; but . . . an album, with an album's restricted life.

John Gore

(*Concluded from previous page*)

experience could have taught her is the subtlety and tenderness of her writing, the simplicity of prose and the convincing reality of the story she has told.

THE BLUE PHEASANT (Collins. 10s. 6d.) is a very different sort of first novel, a briskly-planned and executed adventure story in the modern idiom, with V.I.P.s and revolutions, wars and pretty women on the make. Mr. John Boswell has an agreeably unpretentious style, a flair for good action scenes and an evidently first-hand acquaintance with the Hong Kong, Sydney and New Zealand settings which furnish more than conventional backdrops for his spirited story of mystery and mayhem.

Mr. David Emerson's story of a West Country watering place in early Victorian times has the smoothness and something of the pace of a well-sprung barouche. The social and historical detail are neatly dovetailed into the narrative, the buildings, or what the author unfailingly refers to as house property, pleasantly described and such landmarks as the Matrimonial Causes Act (the mainspring of the plot) deftly introduced. THE ESPLANADE HOUSE (Hutchinson. 15s.) has much to recommend it apart from its author's devout respect for land agents.

Vernon Fane.

THE CONCISE ENCYCLOPÆDIA OF WORLD HISTORY. (New Horizon Books, Hutchinson. 50s.). A team of experts drawn from both sides of the Atlantic takes the reader from pre-history to the nuclear age in comparatively short sections. Battles and individual political events have a subordinate place. The story of mankind is delineated in broad sweeps, in cultural, economic, sociological and anthropological trends. Mr. Bowle and his colleagues have set out to show "the frequent continuity and interdependence of world civilisations" as well as inviting the making of comparisons between them. They do not give any new facts or information but as an exposition of the modern historical outlook and an explanation of the way we are now and why, this book could hardly be better.

From the general to the particular in history. Roger Mortimer's THE JOCKEY CLUB (Cassell. 42s.) is a de luxe production which would be an ornament in any library for that reason alone. However, it deserves attention for its contents as much as its looks. The author unfolds the story of the Club and its influence on the development of racing in Britain through two centuries. The final chapter is perhaps the most interesting. In it Mr. Mortimer discusses the need for some change in the autocratic and aristocratic constitution of the Jockey Club.

THE LONG GRASS (Hale. 18s.) has zebras on the dust-jacket, but it is not a jungle book. Tony Lawman, the author, is a journalist and broadcaster who was for some years a Civil Servant in Northern Rhodesia. History, geography and current politics are the theme of this volume, written with humour and understanding about a surprisingly little-known part of Africa. Very interesting it is, too.

C. D.

AN OVERWHELMING RECEPTION FOR "TWELFTH NIGHT" IN SCOTLAND: In the last act of Shakespeare's comedy, which received rapturous receptions after its performances by members of the Old Vic Company on the open stage of the Assembly Hall during the Edinburgh Festival, Sebastian (Gerald Harper), in the foreground, clasps the hand of the lovely Olivia (Jane Downs), who is seated. Behind them on the right, holding outstretched hands are Viola (Barbara Jefford) and Orsino (John Humphry). Unrealistic as the plot of it is, *Twelfth Night* was performed splendidly and the idyllic and the human notes blended perfectly. For its presentation at the Festival several changes were made to suit the open stage. The production was by Michael Benthall, with costumes and settings by Desmond Heeley.

SHAKESPEARE IN EDINBURGH AND SHAW IN LONDON

On left—

A REVIVAL OF A GEORGE BERNARD SHAW PLAY: Paul Daneman, as Adolphus Cusins, and Joan Plowright, as Major Barbara, embrace in a scene from the English Stage Company's production of Bernard Shaw's play *Major Barbara* at the Royal Court Theatre, in Sloane Square. It was first performed there in November 1905, under the Barker-Vedrenne management. The current revival, produced by Mr. George Devine, shows how well the play withstands the passage of time.

A THREE-MONTH PROGRAMME OF BALLET IN THE WEST END: Dancers perform a scene from Leonide Massine's ballet *La Gaiete Parisienne*, which has not been seen in London for ten years. The ballet is included in the programme currently being given at the London Coliseum by the International Ballet of the Marquis de Cuevas. On October 7, a further programme of ballet is to be given by Antonio and his famous Spanish Ballet Company.

A DAY'S GOLF AT RICHMOND: Competitors and guests at the Illustrated Newspapers' annual invitation golf meeting are standing outside the Clubhouse of the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club. During the day they had taken part in several competitions including that for "The Sphere" Challenge Cup. The meeting took place on Friday of last week.

COMPETING FOR "THE SPHERE" CUP

The Illustrated Newspapers' Annual Invitation Golf Meeting at The Royal Mid-Surrey

The Illustrated Newspapers' annual invitation Golf Meeting takes place towards the end of the summer holidays. It has been held every year (except during the war) since 1926, and is attended by a number of prominent figures in the advertising, publishing and business worlds. This year, as usual, it was held at the Royal Mid-Surrey Golf Club at Richmond, and there were sixty-five competitors and guests. The main event of the day was the annual 18 holes medal competition, played under handicap, for THE SPHERE Challenge Cup. This was won by Mr. A. Webb with a score of 70 net, and the runner-up was Mr. D. R. M. Reid (net score of 71). Later in the day the guests took part in the two-ball Bogey-Foursomes, the winners of which were Sir Alexander Galloway and Mr. J. Grant; the runners-up were Mr. E. T. M. Smalley, and Mr. D. J. Hayman. As both pairs tied with 2 down, their scores were assessed over the last 9 holes, and Sir Alexander and Mr. Grant were declared the winners. In another competition, the winner of the best score under handicap over 9 secret holes was Mr. R. Percival. All the prizes were presented by Mr. Charles Snelling, Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers Limited, and a speech of thanks was made by Mr. Smalley.

PRESENTING "THE SPHERE" GOLF CHALLENGE CUP: Mr. A. Webb (left), with a net score of 70, receives the trophy from Mr. Charles Snelling, C.B.E., Vice-Chairman of Illustrated Newspapers, proprietors of "The Sphere."

THE RUNNER-UP: Mr. Snelling presents a silver tankard to Mr. D. R. M. Reid, who had a net score of 71. Mr. Reid won the trophy in 1954 with a net score of 69.

WINNERS OF THE TWO-BALL BOGEY-FOURSOMES: Mr. John Grant (left) and Sir Alexander Galloway receive cut glass and silver-mounted decanters from Mr. Snelling.

ON THE COURSE: Mr. J. Carney-Smith (left) walks with Mr. P. Broom. *On right*—Mr. R. Hale chips out of the bunker near the first hole.

PUTTING ON THE ELEVENTH GREEN: Mr. Snelling is watched by Mr. H. C. Tingay. *Below, left*—Walking out to the first tee at Richmond are Mr. R. Percival (left) and Mr. I. J. Penrice.

DRIVING OFF: Mr. M. B. Henderson is watched by Mr. J. H. Taylor as he drives off from the first tee. Mr. Taylor had travelled down over-night from Scotland to take part in the competition.

IN QUEST OF GOOD HOTELS

ADVICE BY ASHLEY COURTENAY

Letters, accompanied by a stamped, addressed envelope for reply, should be addressed to him, c/o The Editor, THE SPHERE, *Ingram House, 195–198, Strand, London, W.C.2.*

"AGE IS NOT ALL DECAY; it is the ripening, the swelling of the fresh life within." Though George Macdonald was writing of the human frame, his words can be equally well applied to some of our British hotels, whose owners have blended into their centuries-old fabric, modern conceptions of comfort, decor and plumbing.

A notable example is Ballygally Castle, on the Antrim Coast road, which, thanks to that dynamic industrialist, Mr. Cyril Lord, is now, as the Candlelight Inn, one of the most luxurious and best-run hotels in Britain.

In 1613, John Shaw, who built the Castle, obtained rights from the then Earl of Antrim, including "All that eighteen score of acres of land in Ballygally aforesaid, Tarnemoney, Nogher, Carncastle and Corcermain" at an annual rent of £24.

The sequel was the building of Ballygally Castle in the Scottish style. To quote from the illustrated brochure, available for the asking, which portrays in authentic colours the superb Entrance Hall, the restful residents' lounge and the charmingly furnished and appointed bedrooms—"the original castle has now been extended and modernised so subtly that the past has still authentic life and presence. Ancient turrets and central-heating combine in an atmosphere of grandeur and opulence."

Twenty-four miles only from Belfast and only four from Larne, terminus of the shortest sea route and car-ferry to Northern Ireland, Ballygally Castle—Candlelight Inn has proved, so far, our most surprising discovery of 1958. Bed and breakfast terms, 42s. to 55s.

This prominent landmark on the Antrim Coast road reminded my wife and I of that massive pile, Dornoch Castle Hotel, in Scotland, which dominates the town and Firth of its name. Without any pretence of luxury, Mrs. Ailsa Burns, its resident owner, offers for our comfort and delight the romance of a castle and the homely charm of a country house. While the original stone vaults of the Castle now house the hotel wines, each turret bedroom has its individuality and commands views of the Dornoch Firth or across to the Ross and Sutherland mountains. Closed from October to April each year, the hotel makes a good holiday centre for the pleasures of Dornoch, viz., golf, sands and good bathing. Bed and breakfast terms from 20s. to 27s., according to season.

Castle hotels sometimes stand near, or close to, the site of their ancient parent, and a place in point is Kildrummy Castle Hotel, at Mossat, in Aberdeenshire.

We first heard of Kildrummy from an American reader, who praised the food and comfort of this castle mansion, run by Squadron-Leader and Mrs. Robert Pimm. Although a castle may sound grim and draughty, we can assure you it is quite the reverse, for the house is modern—built in 1900—has oil-fired central-heating, a good number of bathrooms to the well-furnished bedrooms, including two private ones, as well as three comfortable lounges (one a cocktail lounge). In fact, we agreed wholeheartedly with our overseas reader's recommendation.

A glance at the map reveals that Kildrummy is conveniently placed for exploring the coastlines of Morayshire, Banffshire and Aberdeenshire, while Deeside is only twenty miles to the south. The fisherman should not lack good salmon and trout fishing, for the hotel has a three-mile beat on the River Don.

For many, Kildrummy would make an ideal retreat for a quiet holiday, as it is free from traffic noises and the rock garden is one of the show-places in this part of Scotland.

What appeals to so many overseas visitors to this country is not necessarily an ancient castle converted to hotel use, but anything that is old, provided that there is "the swelling of the fresh life within."

Forty miles south of London in the charming wooded district around Haslemere is Lythe Hill Farm Hotel, a mile beyond the town on the Petworth road. Scheduled as an historic building, history is still in the making for within its fourteenth-century walls, Mr. and Mrs. M. Ogden specialise in Viennese cooking as well as traditional English fare. Catering in a mellow atmosphere is the main theme, though a few bedrooms are available, one of which has—what I am often asked for—a four-poster bed.

Perhaps one of the most fascinating spots for lovers of the medieval ages is a guest house in that most interesting of all English villages of Lacock, in Wiltshire, which lies three-and-a-half miles off the busy Bath road (divert at Chippenham). For over 400 years the owners of Lacock Abbey—the Sharingtons and then their descendants, the Talbots—tended it. In 1944 Miss Matilda Talbot, C.B.E., presented the village, the Abbey, the Manor Farm and other land to the National Trust, and people now visit it from all over the world.

Those who enjoy the leisure of the countryside will be glad to know of this old-world guest house—At the Sign of the Angel—where the atmosphere is so utterly restful after the busy main road. It is small, simple and satisfying. Mr. and Mrs. John Levis, who run it, delight in pleasing their guests in a manner, as one of our readers put it, "rather reminiscent of a French auberge." In an Elizabethan dining-room, particularly charming at night-time, it is pleasant to linger over a home-cooked meal, and to adjourn to the completely panelled and cosy lounge. The limited bedroom accommodation has the principal virtue of very comfortable beds. The age of the building precludes modern fittings, but two have basins with hot and cold; also, there are two bathrooms and very hot water. However, it is well to bespeak a bedroom well in advance and telephone through for a table reservation for meals. One final point—the beams are hard and low, so mind your head!

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THE OPENING OF THE HOP-PICKING SEASON: On the first day of September, pickers hurry to get in the crop on W. H. Luck's Borough's Oak Farm at East Peckham, in Kent. In this picture, taken before midday, many of the plants have already been stripped of hops as pickers take advantage of the weather. Reports indicate that the crop is likely to be a good one. *On right*—On the Whitbread Farm at Stilsted, near Paddock Wood, Kent, staff load sacks on to a hop wagon. A total of about 20,000 acres is normally devoted to the cultivation of hops, mostly in Kent, but also in Sussex, Surrey, Hampshire, Hereford and Worcester. Additional supplies are imported.

AT STILSTED, IN KENT: A family of hop-pickers has lunch while others work on. Each year many families, mainly from the East End of London, spend their holidays picking hops.

HOPS AND HARVESTS

Advantage was Taken of the Fine Weather of Recent Days to Gather in the Crops

HARVESTING ON THE SOUTH DOWNS: Combine harvesters gather in the grain on the "Golden Barn" Farm, near Steyning, in Sussex. Farmers hurried during the fine weather over recent days to take in the harvest. Due to the exceptionally wet August and the heavy storms which swept England, the grain harvest was lagging up to three weeks behind normal in many parts of the country. A heavy strain has been put on farm machinery in attempts to gather crops as quickly as possible

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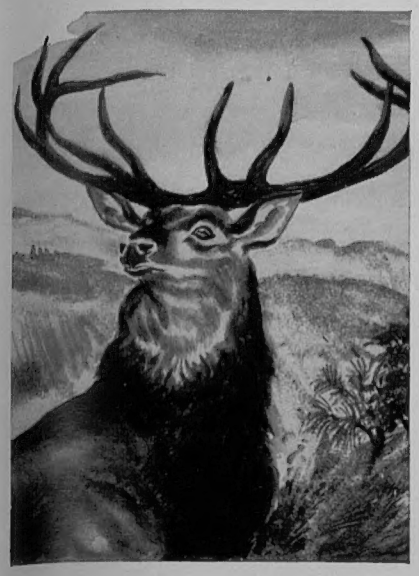

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